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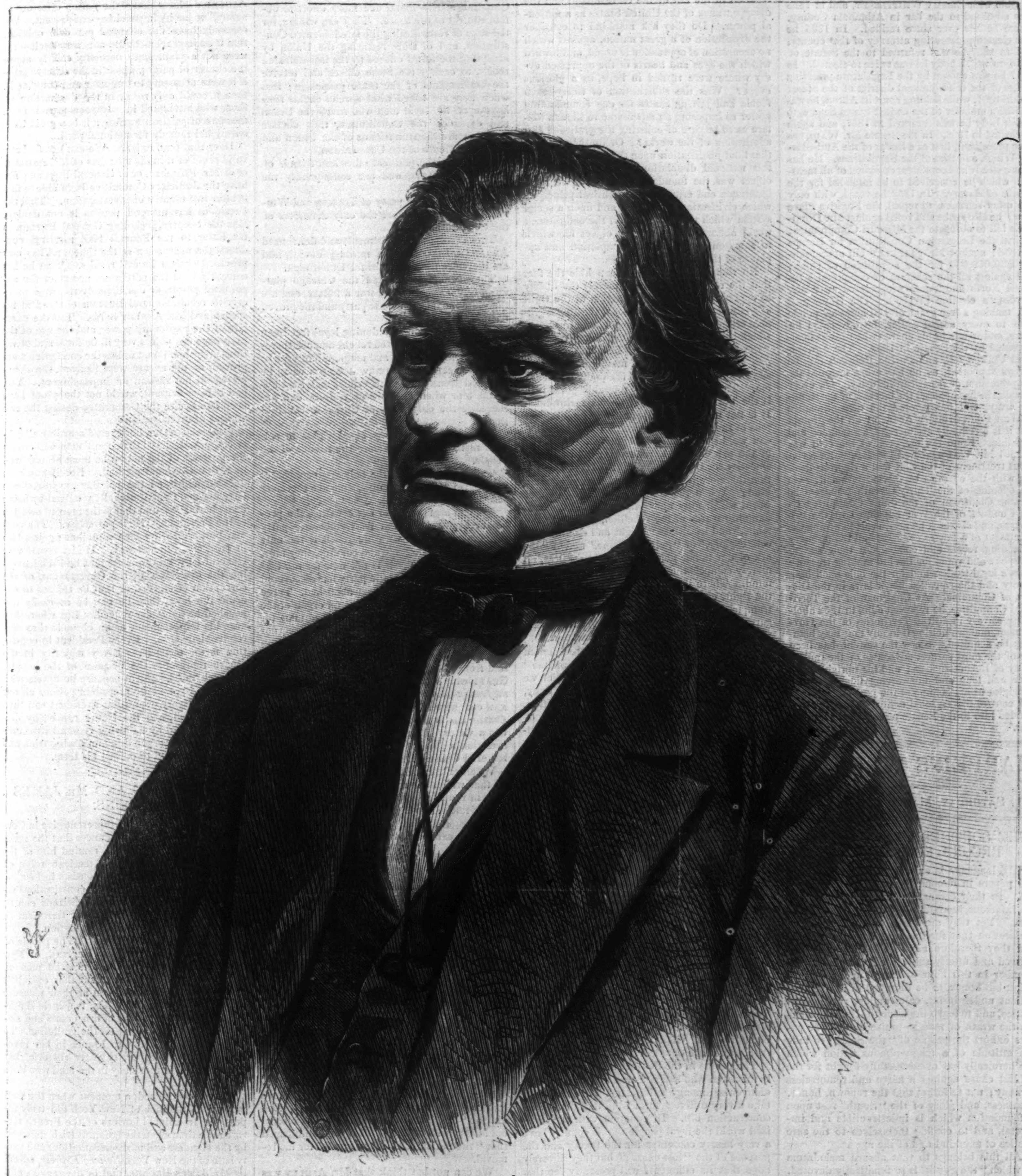


HON. BENJAMIN F. WADE, PRESIDENT OF THE U.S. SENATE.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. GARDNER, WASHINGTON, D.C.—[SEE PAGE 178.]

Hon. BENJAMIN F. WADE.

The Senate of the Thirty-ninth Congress, in concluding its labors on March 4, elected as its President *pro tem.* the Honorable Benjamin Franklin Wade, of Ohio. He is therefore by virtue of this election President of the Senate of the Fortieth Congress and the Acting Vice-President of the United States. In the event of the death or the suspension or removal by impeachment of Acting President Andrew Johnson, Mr. Wade would become Acting President until a new election could be had. In view of the important national position now occupied by Mr. Wade, and to satisfy the great interest manifested in him by the public, we give this week an accurate portrait of him, and a brief sketch of his career.

Mr. Wade was born in Feeding Hills Parish, near Springfield, Massachusetts, on October 27, 1800. His father, a soldier of the Revolution, was poor, and his early education was obtained in the common schools. After he arrived at manhood he usually spent his summers in labor as a farmer or lumberman, and his winters in school-keeping. He was for some months employed with spade and wheel-barrow in the digging of the Erie Canal. In 1826 he began to study law in Ohio with Elisha Whittlesey, and in 1828 was admitted to the bar in Ashtabula County, where he has ever since resided. In 1835 he was elected prosecuting attorney of that county, and in 1837 he was returned to the Senate of Ohio, to which body he was twice re-elected. In 1847 he was chosen by the Legislature presiding judge of the third judicial district of the State; and in 1851, while holding court at Akron, he was elected a member of the United States Senate, to which body he was returned in 1857, and again re-elected in 1863. In the Senate Mr. Wade has been prominent, first as a leader of the Anti-Slavery Whigs, and then of the Republicans. He has been a steady and consistent opponent of all measures which he conceived to be intended for the benefit of slavery. In 1852 he voted, with only five other senators, to repeal the Fugitive Slave Law; he also spoke and voted against Mr. Douglas's bill to abrogate the Missouri Compromise; against the Lecompton Constitution for Kansas in 1858; against Mr. Slidell's bill appropriating $30,000,000 for the acquisition of Cuba; and against all the schemes of compromise between North and South propounded after Mr. Lincoln's election in 1860. The Homestead bill, making a free grant of 160 acres of public land to every actual settler, he advocated for years, and it was in his charge when it was finally passed by the Senate in 1862. The Agricultural College bill, and Pacific Railroad bill, he always supported, as he has every measure for the protection of American industry. On every occasion he has opposed the increase of the standing army, and has favored the discontinuance of West Point Military Academy on the ground that it is essentially aristocratic, anomalous, and impolitic. From the outbreak of the civil war in 1861 Mr. Wade labored incessantly for a vigorous treatment of the war, and a rigorous dealing with the enemies of the Government. On the opening of the Thirty-seventh Congress he became Chairman of the Joint Committee on the Conduct of the War appointed by the two Houses, and also took an active part in urging the enactment of a law to confiscate all the property of leading rebels and emancipate their slaves. He spoke and voted for the bill making treasury notes a legal tender, and for the bills abolishing slavery and the so-called black laws in the District of Columbia. As Chairman of the Territorial Committee, he reported a bill in 1862 abolishing slavery in all the Territories of the Government, and prohibiting it in any that may hereafter be acquired. Since the war he has been one of the most earnest advocates of the radical policy of Reconstruction; and his upright character and long and unswerving fidelity to the principles which command the popular approval and control the national action, naturally commended him to the Senate as their presiding officer.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, March 23, 1867.

THE SOUTHERN VIEW OF THE RECONSTRUCTION BILL.

The language is exhausted by the Southern papers in denouncing the Reconstruction bill. In their estimation it is cruel, abominable, infamous, incredible, degrading, black, devilish. Yet they are quite unanimous in the declaration that forcible resistance is useless, and they therefore advise the hopelessly oppressed and utterly subjugated "South" to remember in this hour of fearful agony that all is lost but honor, to be dignified in misfortune, patient under insult, calm amidst ruthless injustice, and to leave the issue to Him who maketh the wrath of man to praise him. The papers exhort the people of "the South" to take the attitude of a magnanimous nation which has heroically but unsuccessfully fought for the noblest cause against a fierce and remorseless tyranny; not to forget that the renown, honor, greatness, and glory of the "South" rest upon a foundation which is indestructible and immortal, and to confide themselves to the sure justice of mankind and of the ages.

All this belongs to that absurd melodrama to which "the South" is so fanatically devoted. This cheap tinsel seems to be its natural wear, and this melancholy rhodomontade its easiest expression. Does it really impose upon any sensible man in the rebel States? If any such, as is very probable, should chance to see these lines, let us remind him of the actual state of the case.

Nobody denies the desperation and heroism with which the rebels fought, nor is there any doubt of the sincerity of their declaration of faith in their cause. But in no point of view was it a noble cause. They rose against a Government which they had always controlled, and which they confessed had never oppressed them. They tried to destroy it because they thought it might oppress them hereafter. Do they suppose that mankind, with its experience of war, will justify them for such a theory of forcible revolution? And what was the oppression they feared? Simply the lawful limitation of the area of human slavery. Do they appeal to the judgment of mankind upon that possible and prospective oppression?

But, waiving this, they claim, perhaps, to have wished merely to exercise a reserved constitutional right to secede peaceably from the Union. Such a secession, of course, would have resulted in the fall of the Government and the disappearance of the United States as a national power. Do they ask mankind to consider the dissolution of a great nation, against which no accusation of oppression is urged, and toward which the eyes and hearts of the oppressed every where were turned in hope, as a glorious event? Was the substitution of thirty-seven feeble and jarring States for one commanding power so imposing an advantage to human welfare as to be sure of enlisting the gratitude and admiration of the world? Or do they rely for that final justification upon the object for which this national dissolution was sought? That object was the foundation of an empire upon ignorance and crime; upon political principles which civilization repudiates, and upon a social system which the conscience of the enlightened world abhors. Was this an object for which to summon piously the contemplation and applause of the ages?

No rhetoric about liberty can hide the fact that the rebel States sought merely the liberty to oppress; no indignant assertion of the right of State sovereignty can conceal the unimaginable crime for the unchallenged perpetration of which that sovereignty was invoked. Whether "the South" presents the "lost cause" to history and the conscience of mankind as that of slavery or of State rights, it is equally indefensible. The sole decent and tolerable point in it is the bravery with which it was maintained. It is not necessary to question the honesty of tens of thousands who fought for it, but neither can we, in the same sense, deny the sincerity of the priests who burned other men of equal sincerity for their opinions. Shall the Inquisition therefore hope for the admiration of mankind? When the Richmond *Times* talks to a world which fully understands the terrible and damning truths of the rebellion, of "Finis Poloniæ," and traditions "bright and shining with classic glory," of "garnered fame," and of "the ark of our honor floating safe and spotless," it merely compels the contempt of every generous mind. There is no spotless honor in claiming the right, constitutional or unconstitutional, to trample upon other men. There was no fame garnered at Salisbury: nor is Andersonville very bright and shining with classic glory.

And what is this wicked and unprecedented tyranny to which the States in question must now submit? Having for the purpose which we have described, and which nobody will deny, waged a war for the destruction of the nation, which, at a cost of four years fearful struggle, of three thousand millions of dollars, and of countless precious lives, has succeeded in saving its life, what is the proposed doom of the offending States? Is it the kind of justice which they would have meted had the case been reversed? Is it the policy of England toward Ireland, and of every historic power after a subdued rebellion? Is it confiscation, exile, and death? It is simply that the anarchy which the war has produced in those States, and the evidence of which is incontestible, shall be controlled by the military force of the nation until all of the people excepting—as the Richmond *Times* itself grants, in the case of Virginia—about three per cent. of the worst rebels, have adopted a Constitution which recognizes the equal rights of all citizens; while the disfranchisement of the three per cent. is not perpetual but at the pleasure of Congress. This is the "disgrace," "humiliation," "degradation," "destruction," "injustice," "persecution," "proscription," "wrong," "ruin," "outlawry," "monstrous iniquity," "calamity," "fanatical tyranny," "infamous madness," "the bitterest cup ever concocted by ingenuity and vindictiveness," to which the rebel States are doomed.

The people in the Southern States are greatly mistaken who suppose that there is any vindictiveness among loyal citizens. Revenge would take a very different form from that of the Reconstruction bill. In common with the civilized world the loyal people of this country have a very hearty contempt for the theory and the purpose of the "lost cause;" but they sincerely hope that its adherents will presently see that the cause *is* lost—that the theory of State sovereignty is overthrown—that slavery is abolished; and that the Union must be reorganized upon the original American principle of equal rights and fair play for all men. If that be the "Finis Poloniæ," the end of Poland, who will not thank God that Poland is ended?

THE CONNECTICUT DEMOCRACY.

From the day that Isaac Toucey, a leading Connecticut Democrat, sent all the navy out of reach at the beginning of the rebellion, and that other Connecticut Democrat, Thomas H. Seymour, denounced the war as wicked; and ever since the day when the news came of the evacuation of Richmond, and the New York *World* naïvely remarked that the Connecticut Democracy could not be expected to turn out in great force or in very high spirits under such discouraging circumstances, the Connecticut Democrats have been of the opinion that the country was going to the "demnition bow-wows." They are now fully convinced that the Constitution is destroyed and that the people are ruined, and they refuse to be comforted. They will, however—such is their patriotic and Christian spirit—make one more effort to obtain control of the State. They are willing, for the sake of resuscitating the late lamented Constitution, and of truly restoring the Union by accepting the terms offered by the late defeated rebels, to occupy the State offices and receive the emoluments of the State patronage; and when they are asked what special claims they have upon the loyal men who saved the Union and defended the Constitution, they declare that they are the true friends of the Union and the real saviours of the Constitution.

They were the political allies and friends of Jefferson Davis, and are consequently the only national party.

They were of the party of Toombs and Wigfall, and are therefore the only defenders of the Constitution.

They discouraged enlistments and denounced Abraham Lincoln as a military despot, and are therefore the most faithful Union men.

They heartily supported the Chicago platform, which declared the war a failure, and are therefore the most patriotic party and the proved friends of the soldiers.

They insist upon abandoning loyal freedmen to the mercies of defeated rebels, and are therefore of a truly fraternal and magnanimous spirit.

They sneered at Andrew Johnson when he declared treason to be a crime, and they applaud him when he rewards traitors, and are therefore the only party of Christian conciliation.

They vehemently deny equal rights to colored men, and are therefore the friends of the people.

They are the tool of the only aristocracy that ever existed in the country, and are therefore the "real grit hard-shell" Democracy.

If these arguments do not convince the people of Connecticut that its Democratic party which sympathized with the rebels is the only Union party in the State and country, they must be incorrigible. Yet it is not now for the first time that that Democratic party has discovered that the Constitution has been abolished. Three years ago the Milwaukee *News*, an organ of the party which now nominates Mr. English for Governor of Connecticut, said, while Governor Hawley was fighting in the field for the victory which saved the Union and the Constitution from allied rebels and Copperheads: "If Grant wins a battle, *it is in part a triumph over the fundamental law of the Government*. If Sherman conquers Atlanta, *an essential portion of the Constitution is thereafter dead.* If our soldiers win a victory, its glory is lost in the consciousness that a portion of its fruit is a marred and battered Constitution."

Whether the spirit which dictated these words or that which inspired the action of Governor Hawley, of Theodore Winthrop, of General Sedgwick, and General Lyon is the spirit which ought to control the State, Connecticut is quite capable of deciding for herself.

THE DEBATE UPON IMPEACHMENT.

The opening debate in the Fortieth Congress upon the Impeachment resolutions was not advantageous to that measure. Mr. Ashley's speech was hurtful to his own reputation and to his proposition. It was a mere philippic, so furious that the Speaker was compelled to call him to order, upon a subject which required the calmest and most temperate statement. Mr. Ashley accused the President of inciting to revolution and civil war. He insinuated a suspicion of his complicity in the assassination of his predecessor. He charged him with usurpation of power. He accused him of turning the White House into a den of thieves and pardon-brokers. He denounced the President's "drunken electioneering tour." He described him as "the moral incubus which has blotted our history with its foulest blot;" and he affirmed that "the nation cries out in agony" for his removal.

We can not but think that Mr. Ashley was unduly excited. It is impossible not to remember that he made the same charges in more guarded language many weeks since. Either he made them upon evidence or without evidence, and from what Mr. Phillips called his "instincts." If he made them without evidence Mr. Ashley committed a very grave offense. But if he made charges with knowledge he could certainly, in the course of two months, have presented the proof to a committee composed of gentlemen who were certainly not unwilling to impeach. Yet after the most constant and diligent investigation the committee were not able to report that they had found adequate evidence upon which to recommend impeachment. Now if sufficient reasons for impeaching the President could not be discovered by a willing committee in a research of two months are they likely to be found at all?

The Committee reported, indeed, that the charges had not been "so entirely negatived as to admit of no discussion," and they are of opinion that there is sufficient testimony to demand further investigation. But that is merely another way of saying that, after investigating for two months, they can not find sufficient proof of the Presidential offenses, against which Mr. Ashley declares that "the nation cries out in agony," to justify impeachment at present. We certainly have not changed our own opinion, that if an impeachment did not carry itself—if it were not a plain state necessity clearly above the charge of party purpose in the strict sense—if it were necessary to engineer and contrive it, then it could only result in the destruction of those who attempted it. Impeachment is not a measure of partisan warfare; it is a great Constitutional remedy for national peril.

Does that peril exist? We can not find any valid proof of it in the speeches of Mr. Ashley, or of Mr. Phillips, or of General Butler; nor have the Judiciary Committee been able to find it after two months of investigation. That the President has usurped powers is not denied. But the country, including General Butler in his letter to the Faneuil Hall meeting, condoned the usurpation at the time, and has now provided against its evil results. That he has corruptly used the pardoning power, or the appointing power, or has illegally returned property to rebels, General Butler charged in his speech and Mr. Ashley in his. But the exercise of the pardoning power and the use of the patronage are points very ill defined, and of various precedent; and unless the corruption were proved, or the misuse were flagrant, the country would not sustain an impeachment. Yet, had it been flagrant, would not the proof have been laid before the Committee during the two months of investigation?

General Butler, however, discarding all other charges, declared that if any man withstands the progress of the nation he must be removed by a Constitutional method. But if any man does so withstand the popular purpose, he is virtually and Constitutionally removed by being made harmless; and that is the present position of the President. He is powerless. The popular purpose is thus far maintained against him in the Constitutional way. If Mr. Ashley or General Butler can show that he is endeavoring the overthrow of the Government, or the corruption of officers, or that he refuses to execute the laws, then he can be as easily impeached as he is denounced. But when they urge his impeachment as an obstacle they surrender their case. Every President in opposition is an obstacle. Every majority in the House represents the purpose of the people. Impeach this President because he differs with this majority, and the precedent poisons all our politics. Every opposition President can then be impeached, and the House can easily dispense with him by following General Butler's prescription of suspending him during trial, and suffering the trial to outlast his term.

ROBESPIERRE AND Mr. JAMES BROOKS.

Mr. James Brooks, a representative in Congress from New York, announces that the times upon which we have fallen remind him of the French Revolution. The American reign of terror, as our readers know, consists in keeping the peace by the sword until constitutions securing the equal rights of all citizens can be secured, while the horrors of our terrorism do not include a single political execution.

Mr. Brooks may take heart. The people of the Northwest and of New England, of New York and Pennsylvania, are not the mob of old Paris; and the requirement that ex-rebels shall not slaughter freedmen at their pleasure but shall respect equal rights, is a little different from calling the lists of aristocrats and *suspects* at the Conciergerie for the guillotine. To liken this country now to France in her revolution may be very pretty party rhetoric, but there is not a farmer's boy in the land who does not smile at it.

There was, indeed, a moment when the mad passions of the mob of New York did truly repeat the traditional horrors of the French terrorism; a time when the ignorant Irish, inflamed by the slanders and misrepresentations and party hate of the New York *Evening Express*, edited by Mr. James Brooks, and by newspapers of a similar spirit, hunted and tortured and massacred the unfortunate and innocent colored population of the city. In that hour of crime, which in its fiendish spirit was the reproduction of the September massacres in Paris, what said Mr. James Brooks's paper of the murderous mob? It was not reminded of the French Revolution. It had nothing to say of Robespierre, Danton, and Marat, although these were their very deeds. But it flattered that fierce and cruel mob as "enraged and outraged conscripts."

It seems to us that the editor of a paper which thus calmly contemplated the most wicked massacre and palliated and justified the July riots in New York need not affect fear of the French Revolution in legislation which has abjured blood and the gallows, and which asks that the only penalty of inciting such horrors as those of the riots shall be a practical acknowledgment of equal rights.

PACIFIC MAIL.

Of all the favorite stocks upon the call list perhaps none have been more valuable *to hold*, or more dangerous to speculate in, than "Pacific Mail." There are those who laugh and those who mourn over the fortunes of Pacific Mail. Such as have made it a permanent investment have been wholly satisfied with its returns. To them it has proved a veritable Pactolus, through whose channels the golden sands of El Dorado have perpetually flowed to deposit themselves in the banks of Wall Street. At the same time there is no trust-worthy stock that has been more indiscriminately kicked about. It has been inflated, "cornered," "watered," and doctored in every conceivable manner; made the victim of "pools" and "rings," and the jumping-jack of wire-pulling operators.

Springing from the early California trade, Pacific Mail at once took prominent place among the leading securities. For a period of years it was little else than a financial grave-yard for unfledged operators, or rather a sort of "nightmare life in death," sometimes endowing its votaries with the wealth they preyed for; at others, laying them out stiff and cold. Its fluctuations were most wonderful. Its intrinsic merits gave it buoyancy; but while it swam bravely to-day at par, assisted by the skillful manipulations of the initiated, to-morrow some Trent affair, some rumor of foreign war, or report of a rival line to be started, would sink it almost from sight. Toward the close of 1862, when its capital stock was only $4,000,000, a clique of bold and wealthy operators formed a "pool," and bought up 25,000 shares of the stock at prices considerably above par, agreeing to hold it until 1868. The chief members of this pool were a well-known steamship king, a heavy curb-stone operator, a powerful Anglo-American banking-house, and a rich and daring financier whose operations have long been household words in the Wall Street family. Under their efforts the stock rose from 150 to 300 and over. Meanwhile the Steamship Company was earning 100 per cent. in currency out of their lucrative business.

In 1865 the Company bought out the Atlantic Mail Company's stock and privileges, giving 20,000 shares of its own stock as an equivalent. It also increased its capital to $10,000,000. After this the market-price of shares ranged from 200 to 250 until a few months ago, when the Company extended its connections to China and doubled its capital, increasing it to $20,000,000. Notwithstanding this enormous increase the stock sold at times at 170 and upward, which was rather an advance than a decline, as two shares of the new stock sold at an aggregate for considerably more than one of the old. The financial operations of the Company have always been on a grand scale; and the profits stupendous. Not long since the "pool" exchanged five millions of its stock for [illegible] millions of United States 6 per cent. bonds. This operation paid it a profit equal to an annual dividend of about 17 per cent. The last February dividend was at the rate of 12 per cent. per annum. Those who had the good fortune to buy the stock at par and hold it, have received dividends amounting to 500 per cent. in stock, besides 20 per cent. per annum in earnings, with an extra dividend indorsed upon the first increase of 40,000 shares. The Company furthermore owns large amounts of real estate, store-houses, wharves, and coal upon the Pacific coast, besides eighteen or twenty steamships, some of them as fine as any in the world. There can be no doubt, therefore, of the great intrinsic value of the stock; and the confidence reposed in it by the public is but natural. This, however, does not prevent its fluctuating wildly, for reasons already partly shown.

The present year has witnessed another of those extraordinary perturbations to which it has been subject from the first. On the 4th day of January last, the stock sold at 174; on the 6th of March it had declined to 117, then rallied again, and has since steadily improved. Just now the street is full of gossip respecting the reported failure of one of the chief operators already mentioned—a gentleman whose wealth was supposed to be something vast, and whose recent donations to various beneficiaries were not less munificent than singular in their object. It is said that this gentleman had control of a large number of shares of Pacific Mail in the interest of the pool, which he sold some months ago at seller's option, and thus induced the street to believe that he was "going short" of the stock. The "boys" thought they would catch him napping, and bought up the whole lot at the extreme rate; then found too late that they had got an elephant of the largest size. The reported failure of the large operator (if failure it be) is attributed to a concerted attack upon him by the victims of this sharp operation, which compelled him to "throw overboard" a large amount of his own stock—thus accounting, in part, for the recent decline in Pacific Mail. However, it is said that the large banking-house already referred to as being in the pool interest, is holding his head above water and may save him.

We can not vouch for the complete correctness of this theory, for the fluctuations of Pacific Mail are inscrutable. Solomon, the wise man of old, enumerated four things that were wonderful; possibly the "wise men of Gotham" are almost persuaded to regard the movements of this very mercurial stock as one of the four wonderful things of the present age.

EX-GOVERNOR BROWN OF GEORGIA.

The late address of Ex-Governor Joseph E. Brown at Atlanta, Georgia, is the most sensible and manly speech made in the South for half a century. It is a plain and forcible statement of the situation. The orator neither whines nor spouts, but talks like a genuine American. We invoked the decision of the sword, he says, and the sword has decided. It is childish to quarrel with the result. The victors naturally and properly determine what is necessary to secure their victory; and our honor requires acquiescence in whatever is not personally dishonorable. Ex-Governor Brown does not even, like the New York *Times*, allege that the proposition of Congress is harsh, and unjust, and unconstitutional; but like a man and a statesman, having declared it inevitable, he declines to criticise it. The practical question, he says, is what the people of Georgia ought to do under the circumstances; for he is very sure that they ought to do something.

As for the passivity which is recommended by some persons the Ex-Governor declares it to be foolish and undignified. The true model for Southern action is General Lee. When he surrendered he submitted to the best terms he could get. If the people of Georgia refuse the terms now offered they will never get any better. Congress, indeed, disfranchises a highly intelligent class, but it is not a large class; and it is certainly much better to submit to such disfranchisement than to have all the white population which sided with the rebellion disfranchised, and the property of the whole people confiscated.

Nor can it be said, he continues, that acquiescence is degrading. If so, the people who acquiesced in the President's requirements are already degraded. Nor is it wise to argue that enough has been yielded, for that is a matter for the other party to decide. Moreover, inaction is really want of loyalty; and those who, with every opportunity of removal offered to them have chosen to remain in the country, have chosen its government as their government, and are bound in honor to acknowledge and support it. There is neither manliness, dignity, nor good faith in any other course, says the Ex-Governor; and he adds what follows, which we commend to the grave reflection of the people of all the States which are unorganized like Georgia:

> "I am assailed because I have recommended our people to do what the conquerors require on the suffrage question. Men are gravely discussing the question whether the negro shall be allowed to vote. This is a useless waste of breath. Congress has settled that question for us. We have no power to prevent it. They are now voters. That is not now the question. It is, shall the great mass of our white men vote? If we accept the position and act upon it, the ballot will remain in the hands of nine-tenths of the white men of the South. If we refuse to do so, it will be taken from them and given to a very small class of white men and the negroes. During the war the blacks acted nobly. We sent our white men to the field, and the negroes, who knew our failure was their freedom, staid at home and acted as protectors to our families, and made support for them and their masters in the field. The fortunes of war have placed them upon terms of civil and political equality with us. Many of them have nursed our children; others have been the companions of our boyhood and the servants of our manhood. Their interests and ours must be in a great degree identical in future. What sense is there, then, in such action on our part as will alienate them and make them our enemies? I think we had better keep their friendship, and show them, by kind and just treatment, that we are their best friends. In giving this advice I trust I may not be considered as selfish. I am not courting their votes. They have no right to vote for me, as I am ineligible to office. I am caught on three horns of the dilemma, if you will allow the expression, as I have been a member of the State Senate, a Judge of the Superior Courts, and the Governor of my State, and I have taken an active part in the rebellion. While I may be denied the political privileges of a citizen I am not unconcerned about the future of the country. I have children, relatives, and friends who are not disfranchised. I wish to see their Government and their country the best it can be made."

The speech of Ex-Governor Brown is wisdom itself compared with Mr. Alexander H. Stephens's theory of the continuous right of States; and when the people of Georgia agree with Mr. Brown and utterly repudiate Mr. Stephens—when they believe, as Mr. Brown tells them, that the theories of Calhoun are utterly obsolete and absurd, they will begin to be a happy and prosperous people.

EQUAL RIGHTS AND MATRIMONY.

A correspondent in the interior of Louisiana complains of our saying that the freedmen ought not to be intrusted to the care of those who hate them, and vehemently repels the charge. He says, indeed, that "it is false," and adds that he and his friends are "willing to do almost any thing for the sake of peace." In fact, he says they are willing to give up every thing except honor; *but*—"we don't want our daughters to marry the 'nigs.'" Our correspondent proceeds to declare that he likes the negroes. "I repeat, I like them......They are like Irishmen, as a general rule, you can do any thing you please with them provided you give them whisky." In fine, he does not think "the Southern people were right in treating their slaves as they did," but he begs that "the nigger" may not be eternally mixed up with every thing. "We are your brothers, and the negroes are hardly cousins."

It seems, then, that instead of hating the freedmen our correspondent and his friends have only a good-natured contempt for them. But if the freedmen are such simple, silly folk, pleased with whisky and tickled with a fiddle, whence comes the ludicrous fear that "our daughters" will furiously insist upon marrying them? There was a Dutch Copperhead in Pennsylvania who was heard loudly lamenting after the late election of Governor Geary. His sympathetic neighbors begged to know the cause of his distress. "Oh teer me!" replied the afflicted citizen, "Geary is elected, and now we mush marry our tauters to te niggers." That is the kind of intelligence and argument which we expect of the "Conservative" lackeys of "the South" in this part of the country. But "the South" itself should be wiser.

Let our Louisiana correspondent ask any of his Conservative friends in New York, who so zealously propitiate the Irish vote, whether they wish their daughters to marry the jintleman from Mackerelville, and whether, in order to avoid that catastrophe, they deny the right of Mackerelville to vote? Is it found that the young white women in Washington are irretrievably bent upon matrimony with the newly-enfranchised voters in the District? Here in the State of New York colored men vote upon certain conditions; but we assure our Louisiana correspondent that the mulatto population has not increased even as fast as in some States, with which he is more familiar, in which they are not allowed to vote at all. Indeed, we should not be surprised, when equal suffrage is established in Louisiana, to hear that our friend's sons and daughters continue to marry whom they please.

As for the eternal mixing of the negro in every question it is plain that, as he mixed us up in a ferocious war because he was treated as a brute, the simplest way to be relieved of the eternal mixing is to give him fair play. Louisiana, for instance, has always treated him as a chattel. How does Louisiana like it "as far as she has got?" Suppose now Louisiana should try treating him simply as a man—not a possible son-in-law.

FAMINE AT THE SOUTH.

While we oppose to the utmost the political policy which would intrust reconstruction exclusively to those who were lately in rebellion, and while the social condition of the Southern States undoubtedly demands the measures of the military bill, we do not in the least forget the sufferings of thousands and thousands of the people in those States, and we earnestly press upon our readers the absolute necessity of immediate relief. The accounts from many parts of the South are most melancholy.

In Alabama the grain crop was very light, and fully half of the necessary supply must be imported. Every county has its destitute families, and not less than forty thousand persons must be fed by public charity. In Georgia forty-two thousand were helped last year, and this year there is even greater destitution. One of the agents of the Relief Commission reports that, upon careful inquiry, he thinks there is no more grain in the State than will last to the end of the month. In one county there were twelve hundred persons who needed immediate relief. From another county a physician writes, that in four weeks he fears that the poorer people will be dying like the Hindoos in the late famine. The same tragical story comes from other counties in the State. From many parts of South Carolina the reports are harrowing, and the universal cry is, "Help! help! for God's sake, help!"

No words are needed. The treasurer, Mr. James M. Brown, 61 Wall Street, has received about $55,000, and nearly fifty thousand bushels of corn have been bought. But more money and corn are greatly needed. Sunday, the 17th of March, is the day suggested for a general contribution in all churches, and we hope every body will go prepared to remember our unfortunate brethren.

LITERARY.

"Hopefully Waiting, and other Verses," by Anson D. F. Randolph, is the title of a neat little volume of poems collected at the request of Mr. Scribner the publisher, to whom the work is dedicated, and by whom it is issued. The poems are full of the tenderest religious feeling, and are mainly inspired by a sad domestic experience which will commend them to a thousand hearts. There is in many of them a delightful reminiscence of George Herbert's muse; a certain quaintness of thought and form which recalls that unique religious singer without any unpleasantness of imitation. There is, too, a simplicity and modesty of tone in the little book which are most attractive, while its genuine feeling and true melody will secure for it a longer date than much poetry of greater pretension.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE FORTIETH CONGRESS.

The President sent in no Message to the Fortieth Congress, as has been customary on the assembling of a new Congress.

In the Senate, on March 6, Mr. Sumner introduced a bill to provide a republican form of government for the Southern States on the basis of the loyal voters. The bill was laid on the table to await the formation of the Committees.

A joint resolution to amend the Constitution so as to provide that no State shall hereafter prohibit any of her citizens from voting or holding office on account of color was offered in the Senate on March 7.

A bill to repeal the act retroceding Alexandria County from the District of Columbia to the State of Virginia was passed in the House on March 7 by 111 yeas to 28 nays.

The Senate, on March 9, passed a joint resolution appropriating $1,000,000 for the relief of the Southern people, loyal and disloyal alike.

On March 11 Mr. Sumner's resolution declaring further guarantees required from the late rebels before the reconstruction of the Southern States can be completed, and giving one section of land to the freedmen as a homestead, was laid on the table in the Senate by a vote of 36 to 10.

The House, on March 11, adopted the Judiciary bill, supplementary to the Sherman reconstruction bill, and requiring and providing for the registration of voters in the Southern States. The vote was very large, 117 yeas to 27 nays.

THE LEGISLATURE.

The bill for the Constitutional Convention has not yet been passed. The Senate, on March 7, adopted a bill providing for 137 delegates, empowering colored men to vote, and applying the test oath to voters. The Assembly had other views, and a conference was arranged on March 9.

NEWS ITEMS.

Governor Brownlow, of Tennessee, issued on March 5 a general order organizing a volunteer force in the State for three years, to act as a military police, subject to his orders as Commander-in-Chief.

The steamship *Andalusia*, of the New York and Charleston line, was burned at sea off Hatteras on March 2. Four of the crew and four male passengers were lost.

A Reconstruction Convention bill was reported in the Virginia Senate on March 9, with an amendment protesting against the unconstitutionality of Sherman's bill.

Mayor Monroe, of New Orleans, the Lieutenant-Governor of Louisiana, and others, had an interview with General Sheridan regarding the rights of negroes to vote at the election which was to have been held on March 11, when they were informed that if the negroes were not allowed to vote the election would be null. A bill was immediately passed in the House postponing the proposed election. Apprehending difficulties between the whites and negroes General Sheridan on March 10 prohibited the election.

A caucus of the Republican Members of Congress was held at Washington on March 6. The majority were clearly in favor of the impeachment of the President.

Governor Bullock, of Massachusetts, with consent of Council, has appointed George L. Ruffin (colored) a Justice of the Peace for the County of Suffolk.

Robert Lincoln, the eldest son of the late President Lincoln, has been admitted to the bar of Illinois.

Those who anticipate a visit to Paris during the exhibition may feel assured that, notwithstanding the multitudes who will be present in the city at that time, it is altogether probable that all will be able to procure something good to eat at a reasonable rate—a thing which our citizens can not do at home. It is said that the proprietor of the Hotel de France, Madrid, offers to supply four hundred thousand dinners—consisting of soup and three dishes—for one franc each at Paris during the exhibition.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE IRISH UPRISING.

The abortive Fenian insurrection of last month in Kerry County, Ireland, has been followed by another more formidable in proportions. It was begun on March 5, and extended through several of the south-eastern counties. Simultaneous demonstrations occurred on that day and night near Cork, Dublin, and at Drogheda, as well as other minor points along the Cork and Dublin Railroad. The Drogheda barracks were attacked; the town of Tallaght, eight miles south of Dublin, was temporarily occupied by a Fenian force estimated at 1000 men; another large body appeared in County Limerick, while a fourth demonstration was made at Castlemartyr. In each case where the demonstration resulted in engagements with the troops the Fenians were defeated. The only advantage which they appear to have gained was the interruption of the railroad from Cork to Dublin—a temporary advantage only, as the road was soon repaired and again in running order. After their first futile demonstrations the various Fenian bands moved toward the mountains of Tipperary, where on March 9 they had concentrated before the town of Tipperary, near the junction of the Cork and Dublin with the Limerick and Waterford railroads—a strategic point of great importance, the control of which by the Fenians would undoubtedly be of great disadvantage to the Government forces. The English troops had pursued the Fenians to the mountains, and after a skirmish or two at Kilfinnan and Clonmel, had also concentrated near Tipperary town, where a battle was anticipated; but none had occurred up to March 12, and the country was represented to be quiet.

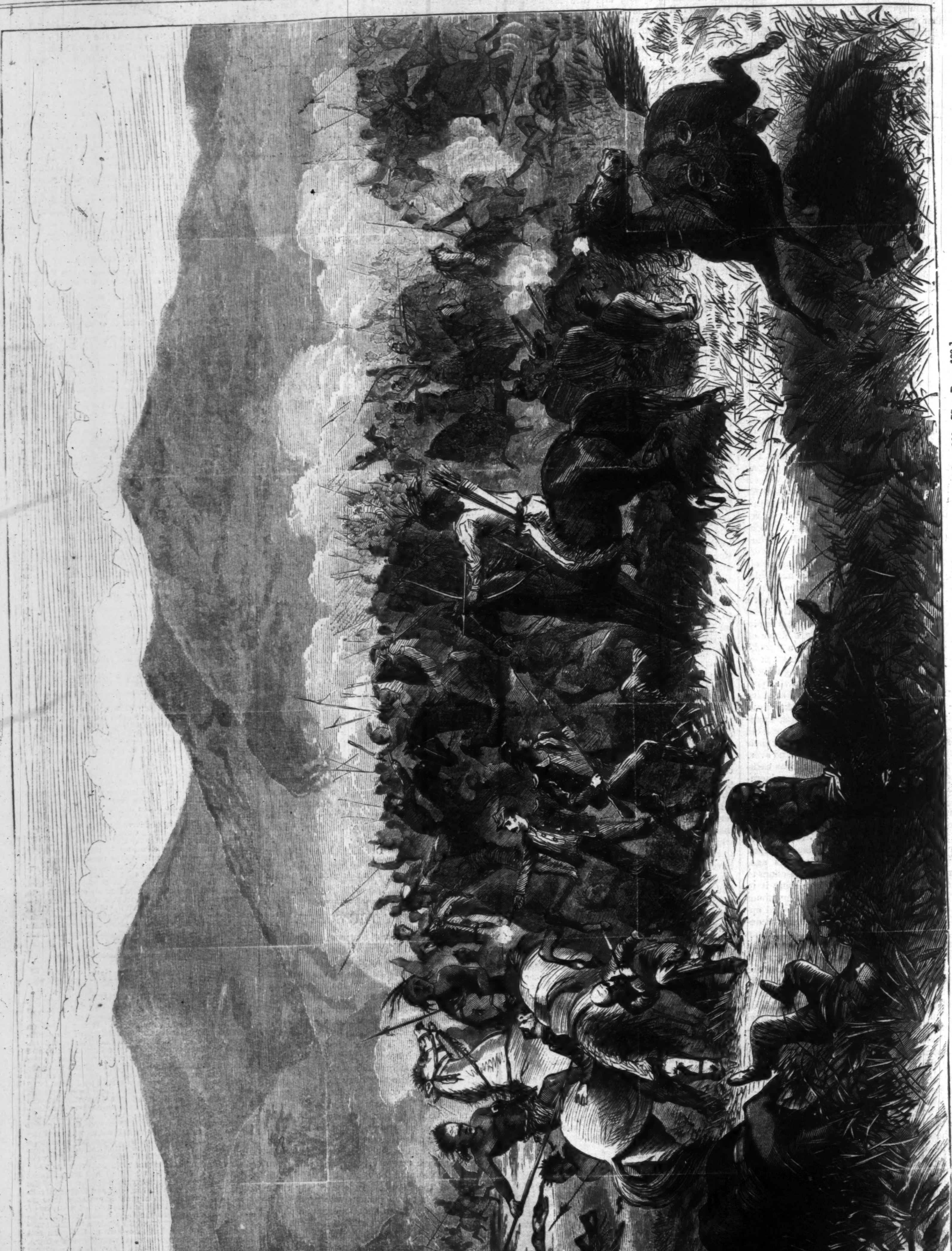
GENERAL NEWS.

Earl Carnarvon, in moving the second reading of the bill establishing the British North American Confederation, expressed the opinion that the proposed territory would "become greater than England, and second only to Russia."

The Reform bill, which was to have been presented in the House of Commons on March 11, was deferred.

Dates from Mexico to February 28 report the Liberal army, under Escobedo, and the Imperial forces, under the Emperor in person, were concentrated near Queretaro, both parties prepared for battle.

The war in Crete continues. On February 13 and 14 eight thousand Turks were defeated by the Christians near Gerakari, losing two guns, five flags, one hundred mules, and many prisoners.



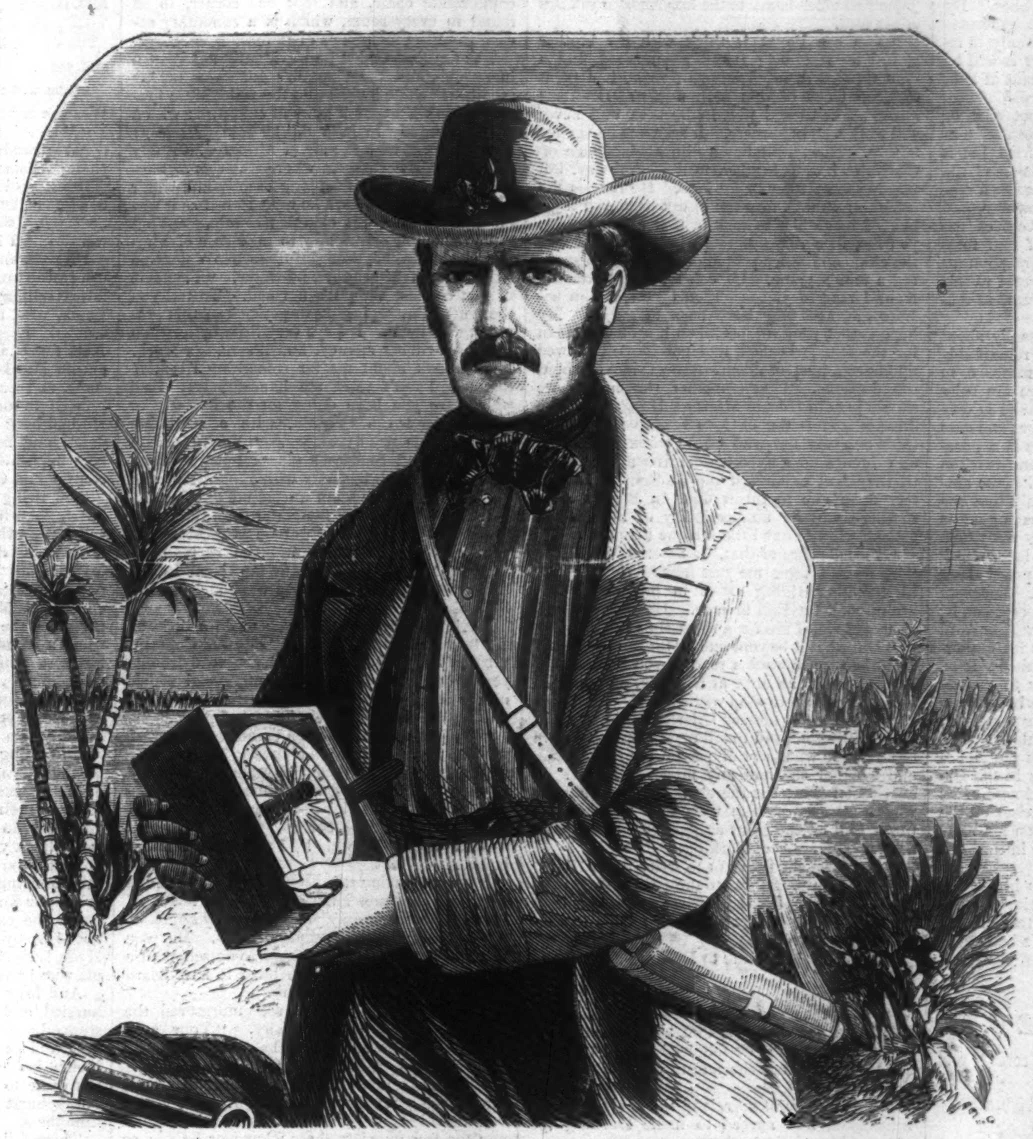
THE INDIAN BATTLE AND MASSACRE NEAR FORT PHILIP KEARNEY, DACOTAH TERRITORY, DECEMBER 21, 1866.—[SEE PAGE 188.]

DR. LIVINGSTONE.

A CABLE telegram announces the murder by Caffre savages in South Africa of Dr. DAVID LIVINGSTONE, one of the most famous of African explorers.

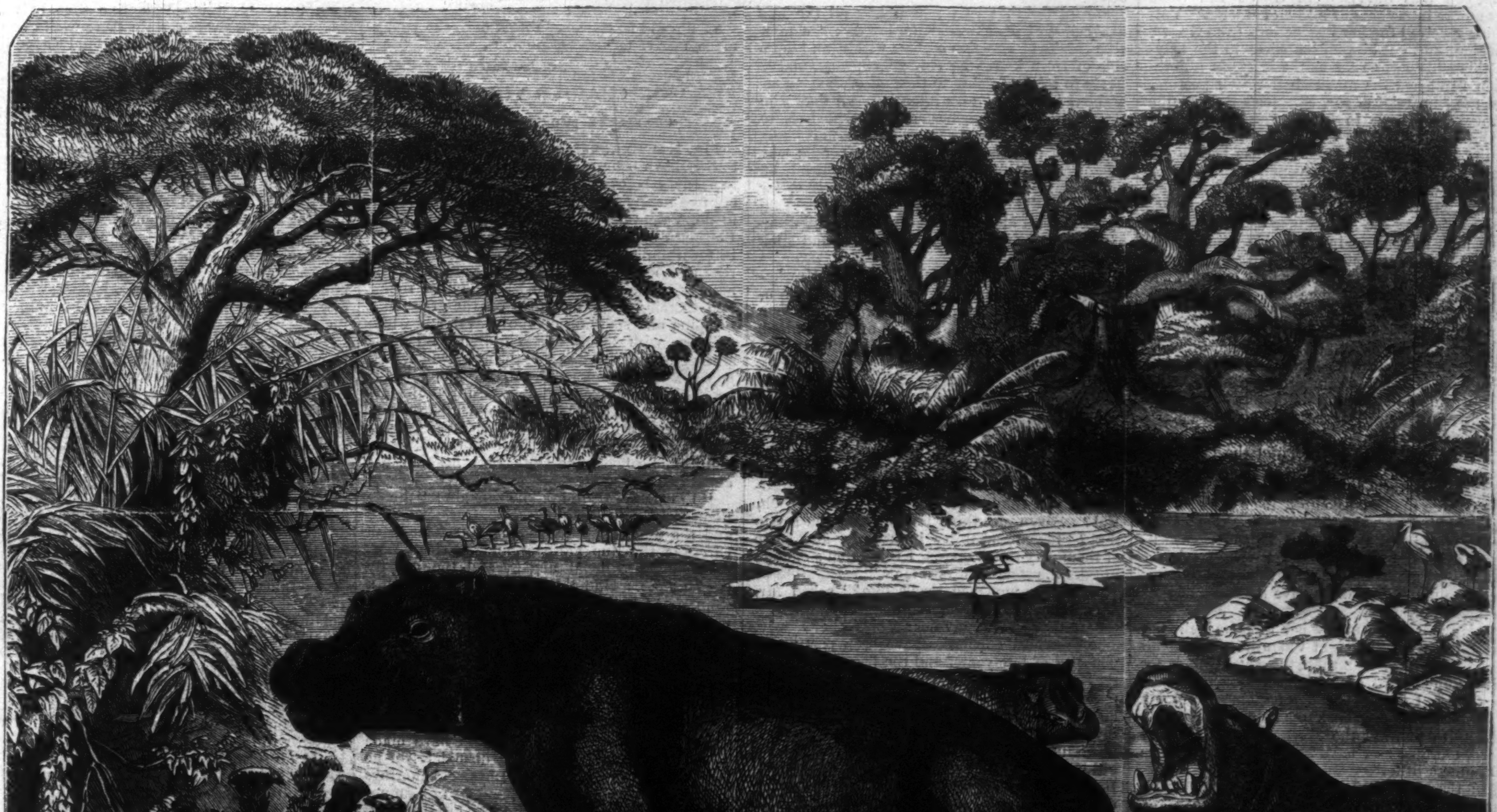
Dr. LIVINGSTONE was a native of the little village of Blantyre, in Scotland, where he was born in 1815; and in early life was employed in a cotton-mill, as a piecer-boy. But in the midst of his daily labor he was smitten with a desire to learn from books; and earning money as a spinner in the summer months, he went to Glasgow to school in the winter, and there laid the foundation for those studies that have had such splendid fruits in his maturer life. He was engaged, however, in the spinning business up to the year 1840, when, at the age of twenty-five, with a mind improved by education, and a heart filled with a burning desire to be useful to his fellow-men in dark parts of the earth, he entered into the service of the London Missionary Society. His studies had been medical as well as religious, and, like PARKER in China, HOUSE in Siam, and GRANT in Persia, he aimed at doing good to the bodies as well as the souls of his fellow-men. The Society sent him out to Africa, and he stopped at the Cape of Good Hope, where he was at first employed in astronomical pursuits. This was not the object by any means of his mission, for he was expected to push on into the interior to take charge of the Kuruman mission station. In June, 1849, he set out on his first exploring expedition, and the ensuing August reached Lake Ngami, as unknown then as it has since been made familiar. In 1851, after several more expeditions of less importance, he made one in which he reached the Zambesi. In 1852 he had a casual glimpse of civilization again for the first time in twelve years, on a trip to Capetown undertaken for the purpose of sending his wife to England. Mrs. LIVINGSTONE was the daughter of the African missionary MOFFAT; her husband had met and married her in Africa, and it was there that she met her death some two years since, after a participation in nearly all the hardships of his life. In January, 1853, he left Capetown, on the journey out of which he made his first book—"Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa," published in 1857 by HARPER & BROTHERS. In this journey he went through with very notable pluck as many difficulties and discomforts as would have sufficed to discourage a dozen ordinary men, and he ended it in May, 1856, four years after he started, at Quilimane, on the Indian Ocean, having traversed the continent from ocean to ocean, for a distance of very near nine thousand miles, with (and without) all conceivable kinds of conveyance. He found a British gun-boat at Quilimane, and made the passage in her to the Mauritius, and so home by the overland route. He arrived home in England in December, 1856, and was of course made a lion of. Numerous public meetings were held in his honor, at which he found that his long absence and his disuse of his mother tongue had made him so unskillful in it that he was unable to express himself to the satisfaction of himself or his audiences. His book came out in 1857, carrying his popularity throughout Great Britain and America.

But he turned his back on his successes, and sailed for the second time in March, 1857. The Government had given him the consulate at Quilimane, and he made this place the *point d'appui* for his next important expedition, in which he was accompanied by a party of *savans*. The course taken was up the River Zambezi, and the results of his voyage are recorded in his second book—"Narrative of an Expedition to the Zambezi and its Tributaries," published by HARPER & BROTHERS in 1866, and which is in every body's library. Last year he returned the third time to Africa, and we have since heard of him only in a vague way and at long intervals, until the announcement of his death reached us.


THE LATE DR. LIVINGSTONE, THE AFRICAN EXPLORER.

THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

WE might well fancy that it was in one of Nature's freaks that it formed the huge and uncouth animal whose portrait in various attitudes appears on this page. As bulky as the elephant or rhinoceros, and possessing some points of resemblance to those quadrupeds, it is at the same time entirely distinct in ap-


THE HIPPOPOTAMUS, OR RIVER HORSE.

pearance, and more ungainly than either. By naturalists it is ranked among the pachydermatous, or thick-skinned animals, as a family in itself; and by the most casual observer it will be recognized as unlike any other inhabitant of land or river.

It is but rarely now that the hippopotamus, or river horse, as the name implies, is seen alive in this country. It is found only in Africa, but it is very widely diffused over that division of the globe. On the Western Coast there exists a species smaller than any met with elsewhere, and distinguished from the other members of the family by having two only instead of four foreteeth or incisors. In the Nile the hippopotamus abounds, and the first specimen brought to this country from its native land was captured in that river.

In height the hippopotamus is usually about five feet when full grown, and its remarkably clumsy appearance is due, in great measure, to the shortness of its legs, which leave the belly almost touching the ground. The head is very large, the jaws enormous, and the eyes and ears small. The teeth are very formidable in appearance, but their chief use is to cut and tear the grass and tropical vegetation on which the animal feeds; and this it does so cleanly that the feeding-ground over which it may have gone is left as smooth as if it had been cut by a scythe.

The animal inhabits the rivers and lakes chiefly by day, and leaves them at night to prowl along the adjacent plains in search of food. It causes immense damage among the growing crops on its way, not only by satisfying its own wants, but still more by trampling down the grain in its lumbering progress. The cultivators on either side of the rivers which it haunts endeavor to protect themselves against its depredations by sinking pitfalls, in the middle of which sharp-pointed stakes are set, and in these the animals frequently fall and are captured. Sometimes the hippopotamus is also taken by harpooning in the rivers, or is shot by the rifle. The thickness of its skin—one inch and a half or two inches on the back—renders it difficult to inflict upon it a mortal wound; but it is most vulnerable in the head or under the shoulder.

The flesh of the hippopotamus is highly esteemed, and its skin is used for a variety of useful purposes; but the ivory of its teeth is the most valuable portion of the animal's body, and forms a staple article of commerce.

BIRDS OF PREY.

By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

Book III.—Heaping up Riches.

CHAPTER VII.

AUNT SARAH.

AFTER that interview in Gray's Inn there were more interviews of a like character. Valentine received further instructions from George Sheldon, and got himself posted up in the Haygarthian history, so far as the lawyer's information furnished the materials for such posting. But the sum total of Mr. Sheldon's information seemed very little to his coadjutor when the young man looked the Haygarthian business full in the face, and considered what he had to do. He felt very much like a young prince in the fairy tale who has been bidden to go forth upon an adventurous journey in a trackless forest, where, if he escape all manner of lurking dangers, and remember innumerable injunctions, such as not to utter a single syllable during the whole course of his travels, or look over his left shoulder, or pat any strange dog, or gather forest fruit or flower, or look at his own reflection in mirror or water-pool, shining brazen shield, or jeweled helm, he will ultimately find himself before the gates of an enchanted castle, to which he may or may not obtain admittance.

Valentine fancied himself in the position of this favorite young prince. The trackless forest was the genealogy of the Haygarths; and in the enchanted castle he was to find the crown of success in the shape of three thousand pounds. Could he marry Charlotte on the strength of those three thousand pounds, if he were so fortunate as to unravel the tangled skein of the Haygarth history? Ah, no; that black-whiskered, stock-broking step-father would ask for something more than three thousand pounds from the man to whom he gave his wife's daughter.

"He will try to marry her to some rich City swell, I dare say," thought Valentine; "I should be no nearer her with three thousand pounds for my fortune than I am without a sixpence. The best thing I can do for her happiness and my own is to turn my back upon her, and devote myself to hunting the Haygarths. It's rather hard, too, just as I have begun to fancy that she likes me a little."

In the course of those interviews in Gray's Inn, which occurred before Valentine took any active steps in his new pursuit, certain conditions were agreed upon between him and Mr. Sheldon. The first and most serious of these conditions was, that Captain Paget should be in nowise enlightened as to his protégé's plans. This was a strong point with George Sheldon. "I have no doubt Paget's a very good fellow," he said. It was his habit to call every body a good fellow. He would have called Nana Sahib a good fellow, and would have made some good-natured excuse for any peccadilloes on the part of that potentate. "Paget's an uncommonly agreeable man, you know; but he's not the man I should care to trust with *this* kind of secret." Mr. Sheldon said this with a tone that implied his willingness to trust Captain Paget with every other kind of secret, from the contents of his japanned office-boxes to the innermost mysteries of his soul.

"You see Paget is thick with my brother Phil," he resumed; "and whenever I find a man thick with my relations I make it a point to keep clear of that man myself. Relations never have worked well in harness, and never will work well in harness. It seems to be against nature. Now, Phil has a dim kind of idea of the game I want to play, in a general way, but nothing more than a dim idea. He fancies I'm a fool, and that I'm wasting my time and trouble. I mean him to stick to that notion. For, you see, in a thing of this kind there's always the chance of other people cutting in and spoiling a man's game. Of course, that advertisement I read to you was seen by other men besides me, and may have been taken up. My hope is that whoever has taken it up has gone in for the female branch, and got himself snowed up under a heap of documentary evidence about the Judsons. That's another reason why we should put our trust in Matthew Haygarth. The Judson line is the obvious line to follow, and there are very few who would think of hunting up evidence for a hypothetical first marriage until they had exhausted the Judsons. Now, I rely upon you to throw dust in Paget's eyes, so there may be no possibility of my brother getting wind of our little scheme through *him*."

"I'll take care of that," answered Valentine; "he doesn't want me just now. He's in very high feather, riding about in broughams and dining at West-End taverns. He won't be sorry to get rid of me for a short time."

"But what'll be your excuse for leaving town? He'll be sure to want a reason, you know."

"I'll invent an aunt at Ullerton, and tell him I'm going down to stop with her."

"You'd better not say Ullerton; Paget might take it into his head to follow you down there in order to see what sort of person your aunt was, and whether she had any money. Paget's an excellent fellow, but there's never any knowing what that sort of man will do. You'd better throw him off the scent altogether. Plant your aunt in Surrey—say Dorking."

"But if he should want to write to me?"

"Tell him to address to the post-office, Dorking, as your aunt is inquisitive, and might tamper with your correspondence. I dare say his letters will keep."

"He could follow me to Dorking as easily as to Ullerton."

"Of course he could," answered George Sheldon, "but then you see at Dorking the most he could find out would be that he'd been made a fool of; whereas if he followed you to Ullerton he might ferret out the nature of your business there."

Mr. Hawkehurst perceived the wisdom of this conclusion, and agreed to make Dorking the place of his relative's abode.

"It's very near London," he suggested thoughtfully; "the Captain might easily run down."

"And for that very reason he's all the less likely to do it," answered the lawyer; "a man who thinks of going to a place within an hour's ride of town knows he can go any day, and is likely to think of going to the end of the chapter without carrying out his intention. A man who resolves to go to Manchester or Liverpool has to make his arrangements accordingly, and is likely to put his idea into practice. The people who live on Tower-hill very seldom see the inside of the Tower. It's the good folks who come up for a week's holiday from Yorkshire and Cornwall who know all about the Crown jewels and John of Gaunt's armor. Take my advice, and stick to Dorking."

Acting upon this advice, Valentine Hawkehurst lay in wait for the Promoter that very evening. He went home early, and was seated by a cheery little bit of fire, such as an Englishman likes to see at the close of a dull autumn day, when that accomplished personage returned to his lodgings.

"Deuced tiresome work," said the Captain, as he smoothed the nap of his hat with that caressing tenderness of manipulation peculiar to the man who is not very clear as to the means whereby his next hat is to be obtained—"deuced slow, brain-belaboring work! How many people do you think I've called upon to-day, eh, Val? Seven-and-thirty! What do you say to that? Seven-and-thirty interviews, and some of them very tough ones. I think that's enough to take the steam out of a man."

"Do the moneyed swells bite?" asked Mr. Hawkehurst, with friendly interest.

"Rather slowly, my dear Val, rather slowly. The mercantile fisheries have been pretty well whipped of late years, and the fish are artful—they are uncommonly artful, Val. Indeed I'm not quite clear at this present moment as to the kind of fly they'll rise to most readily. I'm half inclined to be doubtful whether your gaudy pheasant-feather, your brougham and lavender-kid business, *is* the right thing for your angler. It has been overdone, Val, considerably overdone; and I shouldn't wonder if a sober little brown fly—a shabby old chap in a rusty great-coat with a cotton umbrella under his arm—wouldn't do the trick better. That sort of thing would look rich, you see, Val, rich and eccentric; and I think, on occasions—with a *very* downy bird—I'd even go so far as a halfp'orth of snuff in a screw of paper. I really think a pinch of snuff out of a bit of paper, taken at the right moment, might turn the tide of a transaction."

Impressed by the brilliancy of this idea, Captain Paget abandoned himself for the moment to profound meditation, seated in his favorite chair, and with his legs extended before the cheerful blaze. He always had a favorite chair in every caravansary wherein he rested in his manifold wanderings, and he had an unerring instinct which guided him in the selection of the most comfortable chair, and that one corner, to be found in every room, which is a sanctuary secure from the incursions of Boreas.

The day just ended had evidently not been a lucky one, and the Captain's gaze was darkly meditative as he looked into the ruddy little fire.

"I think I'll take a glass of cold water with a dash of brandy in it, Val," he said presently; and he said it with the air of a man who rarely tasted such a beverage; whereas it was as habitual with him to sit sipping brandy-and-water for an hour or so before he went to bed as it was for him to light his chamber-candle. "That fellow Sheldon knows how to take care of himself," he remarked, thoughtfully, when Valentine had procured the brandy-and-water. "Try some of that cognac, Val; it's not bad. To tell you the truth, I'm beginning to get sick of this promoting business. It pays very little better than the India-rubber agency, and it's harder work. I shall look about me for something fresh, if Sheldon doesn't treat me handsomely. And what have you been doing for the last day or two?" asked the Captain, with a searching glance at his protégé's face. "You're always hanging about Sheldon's place; but you don't seem to do much business with him. You and his brother George seem uncommonly thick."

"Yes, George suits me better than the stockbroker. I never could get on very well with your ultra-respectable men. I'm as ready to 'undertake a dirty job' as any man; but I don't like a fellow to offer me dirty work and pretend it's clean."

"Ah, he's been getting you to do a little of the bear business, I suppose," said the Captain. "I don't see that your conscience need trouble you about that. Among a commercial people money must change hands. I can't see that it much matters how the change takes place."

"No, to be sure; that's a comfortable way of putting it, at any rate. However, I'm tired of going about in the ursine guise, and I'm going to cut it. I've an old aunt settled at Dorking who has got a little bit of money to leave, and I think I'll go and look her up."

"An aunt at Dorking! I never heard of her before."

"Oh yes you have," answered Mr. Hawkehurst with supreme nonchalance; "you've heard of her often enough, only you've a happy knack of not listening to other people's affairs. But you must have been wrapped up in yourself with a vengeance if you don't remember to have heard me speak of my aunt—Sarah."

"Well, well, it may be so," murmured the Captain, almost apologetically. "Your aunt Sarah? Ah, to be sure; I have some recollection: is she your father's sister?"

"No, she's the sister of my maternal grandmother—a great-aunt, you know. She has a comfortable little place down at Dorking, and I can get free quarters there whenever I like; so as you don't particularly want me just now, I think I'll run down to her for a week or two."

The Captain had no objection to offer to this very natural desire on the part of his adopted son; nor did he concern himself as to the young man's motive for leaving London.

CHAPTER VIII.

CHARLOTTE PROPHESIES RAIN.

MR. HAWKEHURST had no excuse for going to the Lawn before his departure; but the stately avenues between Bayswater and Kensington are free to any man; and, having nothing better to do, Valentine put a shabby little volume of Balzac in his pocket and spent his last morning in town under the shadow of the mighty elms, reading one of the great Honoré's gloomiest romances, while the autumn leaves drifted round him, dancing fairy measures on the grass, and scraping and scuffling on the gravel, and while children with hoops and children with balls scampered and screamed in the avenue by which he sat. He was not particularly absorbed by his book. He had taken it hap-hazard from the tattered collection of cheap editions which he carried about with him in his wanderings, ignominiously stuffed into the bottom of a portmanteau, among boots and clothes-brushes and disabled razors.

"I'm sick of them all," he thought; "the de Beauseants, and Rastignacs, the German Jews, and the patrician beauties, and the Israelitish Circes of the Rue Taitbout, and the sickly self-sacrificing provincial angels, and the ghastly *vieilles filles*. Had that man ever seen such a woman as Charlotte, I wonder—a bright creature, all smiles and sunshine, and sweet impulsive tenderness; an angel who can be angelic without being *poitrinaire*, and whose amiability never degenerates into debility. There is an odor of the dissecting-room pervading all my friend Balzac's novels, and I don't think he was capable of painting a fresh, healthy nature. What a mass of disease he would have made Lucy Ashton, and with what dismal relish he would have dilated upon the physical sufferings of Amy Robsart in the confinement of Cumnor Hall! No, my friend Honoré, you are the greatest and grandest of painters of the terrible school; but the time comes when a man sighs for something brighter and better than your highest type of womanhood."

Mr. Hawkehurst put his book in his pocket, and abandoned himself to meditation, leaning forward with his elbows on his knees and his face buried in his hands, unconscious of the trundling hoops and screaming children.

"She is better and fairer than the fairest heroine of a novel," he thought. "She is like Heloise. Yes, the quaint old French fits her to a nicety:

'Elle ne fu oscure ne brune,
Ains fu clere comme la lune,
Envers qui les autres estoiles
Ressemblent petites chandoiles.'

Mrs. Browning must have known such a woman:

'Her air had a meaning, her movements a grace:
You turned from the fairest to gaze on her face;

and yet

'She was not as pretty as women I know.'

Was she not?" mused the lover. "Is she not? Yes," he cried suddenly, as he saw a scarlet petticoat gleaming in the distance, and a bright, young face under a little black turban hat—prettiest and most bewitching of all feminine head-gear, let fashion change as it may. "Yes," he cried, "she is the loveliest creature in the world, and I love her to distraction."

He rose, and went to meet the loveliest creature in the world, whose earthly name was Charlotte Halliday. She was walking with Diana Paget, who, to more sober judges, might have seemed the handsomer woman of the two. Alas for Diana! the day had been when Valentine Hawkehurst considered her very handsome, and had need to fight a hard battle with himself in order not to fall in love with her. He had been conqueror in that struggle of prudence and honor against nascent love, only to be vanquished utterly by Charlotte's brighter charms and Charlotte's sunnier nature.

The two girls shook hands with Mr. Hawkehurst. An indifferent observer might have perceived that the color faded from the face of one, while a blush mounted to the cheeks of the other. But Valentine did not see the sudden pallor of Diana's face—he had eyes only for Charlotte's blushes. Nor did Charlotte herself perceive the sudden change in her dearest friend's countenance. And that perhaps is the bitterest sting of all. It is not enough that some must weep while others play; the mourners must weep unnoticed, unconsoled; happiness is so apt to be selfish.

Of course the conversation was the general sort of thing under the given circumstances—just a little more inane and disjointed than the ordinary small talk of people who meet each other in their walks abroad.

"How do you do, Mr. Hawkehurst? Very well, thank you. Mamma is very well; at least no, not quite well; she has one of her headaches this morning. She is rather subject to headache, you know; and the canaries sing so loud. Don't the canaries sing abominably loud, Diana?—loudly they would have made me say at Hyde Lodge; but it is only awfully clever people who know when to use adverbs."

And Miss Halliday having said all this in a hurried and indeed almost breathless manner, stopped suddenly, blushing more deeply than at first, and painfully aware of her blushes. She looked imploringly at Diana; but Diana would not come to the rescue; and this morning Mr. Hawkehurst seemed a man struck with a sudden dumbness.

There followed presently a little discussion of the weather. Miss Halliday was possessed by the conviction that there would be rain—possibly not immediate rain, but before the afternoon inevitable rain—Valentine thought not; was indeed positively certain there would be no rain; had a vague idea that the wind was in the north; and quoted a dreary Joe-Millerism to prove the impossibility of rain while the wind came from that quarter. Miss Halliday and Mr. Hawkehurst held very firmly to their several opinions, and the argument was almost a quarrel; one of those little playful quarrels which form one of the most delicious phases of a flirtation.

"I would not mind wagering a fortune—if I had one—on the certainty of rain," cried Charlotte, with kindling eyes.

"And I would not shrink from staking my existence on the conviction that there would be no rain," exclaimed Valentine, looking with undisguised tenderness at the glowing, animated face.

Diana Paget took no part in that foolish talk about the possibilities of the weather. She walked silently by the side of her friend Charlotte, as far away from her old comrade, it seemed to her, as if the Atlantic's wild waste of waters had stretched between them. The barrier that divided them was only Charlotte; but then Miss Paget knew too well that Charlotte in this case meant all the world.

The ice had been broken by that discussion as to rain or no rain; and Miss Halliday and Mr. Hawkehurst talked pleasantly for some time, while Diana still walked silently by her friend's side, only speaking when compelled to do so. The strangeness of her manner would have been observed by any one not utterly absorbed by that sublime egotism called love; but Valentine and Charlotte were so absorbed, and had no idea that Miss Paget was any thing but the most delightful and amusing of companions.

They had taken more than one turn in the broad avenue, when Charlotte asked Mr. Hawkehurst some question about a piece which was speedily to be played at one of the theatres.

"I do so much want to see this new French actress," she said. "Do you think there is any possibility of obtaining orders, Mr. Hawkehurst? You know what a dislike Mr. Sheldon has to paying for admission to a theatre, and my pocket-money was exhausted three weeks ago, or I wouldn't think of giving you any trouble about it."

Philosophers have observed that in the life of the plainest woman there is one inspired moment in which she becomes beautiful. Perhaps it is when she is asking a favor of some masculine victim—for women have a knack of looking their prettiest on such occasions. Charlotte Halliday's pleading glance and insinuating tone were irresistible. Valentine would have given a lien on every shilling of his three thousand pounds rather than disappoint her, if gold could purchase the thing she craved. It happened fortunately that his occasional connection with newspapers made it tolerably easy for him to obtain free admissions to theatres.

"Do not speak of the trouble; there will be no trouble. The orders shall be sent you, Miss Halliday."

"Oh, thanks; a thousand thanks! Would it be possible to get a box, and for us all to go together?" asked the fair encroacher; "mamma is so fond of the theatre. She used to go often with poor papa, at York and in London. And you are such an excellent critic, Mr. Hawkehurst, and it would be so nice to have you with us; wouldn't it, Di? You know what a good critic Mr. Hawkehurst is?"

"Yes," answered Diana; "we used to go to theatres together very often."

This was a cry of anguish wrung from a bleeding heart; but to the two absorbed egotists it seemed the simplest of casual observations.

"Do you think you could manage to get a box, Mr. Hawkehurst?" asked the irresistible enslaver, putting her head on one side, in a manner which, for the protection of weak mankind, should be made penal.

"I will try my uttermost?" answered Valentine.

"Oh, then, I'm sure you will succeed. And we shall be amused by your deliciously bitter criticisms between the acts. One would think you had studied under Douglas Jerrold."

"You do me too much honor. But before the new piece is produced I shall have left London, and shall not have the pleasure of accompanying you to the theatre."

"You are going to leave London?"

"Yes, to-morrow."

"So soon!" cried Charlotte, with undisguised regret; "and for a long time, I suppose?" she added, very mournfully.

Miss Paget gave a little start, and a feverish flush lit up her face for one brief moment.

"I am glad he is going," she thought; "I am very glad he is going."

"Yes," said Valentine, in reply to Charlotte's inquiry, "I am likely to be away for a considerable time; indeed my plans are at present so vague, that I can not tell when I may come back to town."

He could not resist the temptation to speak of his absence as if it were likely to be the affair of a lifetime. He could not refrain from the delight of sounding the pure depths of that innocent young heart. But when the tender gray eyes looked at him, so sweet in their sudden sadness, his heart melted, and he could trifle with her unconscious love no longer.

"I am going away on a matter of business," he said, "which may, or may not occupy some time; but I don't suppose I shall be many weeks away from London."

Charlotte gave a little sigh of relief.

"And are you going very far?" she asked.

"Some distance; yes—a—hundred and fifty miles or so," Valentine answered very lamely. It had been an easy thing to invent an ancient aunt Sarah for the mystification of the astute Horatio; but Valentine Hawkehurst could not bring himself to tell Charlotte Halliday a deliberate falsehood. The girl looked at him wonderingly as he gave that hesitating answer to her question. She was at a loss to understand why he did not tell her the place to which he was going, and the nature of the business that took him away.

She was very sorry that he was going to disappear out of her life for a time so uncertain, that while on the one hand it might be only a few weeks, it might on the other hand be forever. The life of a young English damsel, in a prim villa at Bayswater, with a very commonplace mother and a practical stock-broking stepfather, is rather a narrow kind of existence; and to such a damsel the stranger whose hand lifts the curtain that shrouds new and brighter worlds is apt to become a very important personage, especially when the stranger happens to be young and handsome, and invested with that dash of Bohemianism which to artless and sentimental girlhood has such a flavor of romance.

Charlotte was very silent as she retraced her steps along the broad gravel-walk. As they drew near the Bayswater gate she looked at her watch. It was nearly one o'clock, and she had promised Mrs. Sheldon to be home at one for luncheon, and afterward shopping.

"I'm afraid we must hurry home, Di," she said.

"I am quite ready to go," answered Miss Paget promptly. "Good-by, Valentine."

"Good-by, Diana; good-by, Miss Halliday."

Mr. Hawkehurst shook hands with both young ladies; but shaking hands with Charlotte was a very slow process compared to the same performance with Diana.

"Good-by," he repeated, in a lingering tone; and then, after standing for some moments, silent and irresolute, with his hat in his hand, he put it on suddenly and hurried away.

The two girls had walked a few steps toward the gate when Charlotte stopped before a stony-looking alcove, which happened at this nursery-dinner-hour to be empty.

"I'm so tired, Di," she said, and went into the alcove, where she sat down to rest. She had a little veil attached to her turban hat—a little veil which she now drew over her face. The tears gathered slowly in her eyes and fell through that flimsy morsel of lace with which she would fain have hidden her childish sorrow. The tears gathered and fell on her lap as she sat in silence, pretending not to cry. This much rain at least was there to justify her prediction, uttered in such foolish gayety of heart half an hour before.

Miss Halliday's eyes were undimmed by tears when she went back to the Gothic villa; but she had a feeling that some great sorrow had come upon her—a vague idea that the last lingering warmth and brightness of summer had faded all in a moment, and that chill, gray winter had closed in upon Bayswater without any autumnal interval. What was it that she had lost? Only the occasional society of a young man with a handsome, pale face, a little haggard and wan from the effect of dissipated habits and a previous acquaintance with care and difficulty—only the society of a penniless Bohemian who had a certain disreputable cleverness and a dash of gloomy sentimentality, which the school-girl mistook for genius. But then he was the first man whose eyes had ever softened with a mysterious tenderness as they looked at her—the first whose voice had grown faintly tremulous when it syllabled her name.

There was some allusion to Mr. Hawkehurst's departure in the course of dinner, and Philip Sheldon expressed some surprise.

"Going to leave town?" he said.

"Yes, papa," Charlotte answered; "he is going a long way into the country—a hundred-and-fifty miles, he said."

"Did he tell you where he was going?"

"No; he seemed unwilling to mention the place. He only said something about a hundred-and-fifty miles."

LOVE.

LOVE is like a little bee,
Bearing honey joyfully;
But the bee its honey brings
With its murmurs and its stings.
I'll complain not—let me know
Love with all its joy and woe;
If my love her honey brings,
I will bear her songs and stings.

STONE'S LOVE AFFAIR.

IT was agreed on all hands that Ned Stone was a very practical fellow. By some this may have been said of him disparagingly; though others undoubtedly applied the words in a complimentary sense. Practicality has its eulogists; but it has also its censors. There are people who will find fault with prose because it isn't poetry; the same sort of people consistently denounce practicality because of its deficiency in speculativeness. For it is a common form of criticism to condemn a thing not so much for being what it is as for not being something else; that desiderated something else being, in most cases, something entirely antipodean and irrelevant to the original and disrelished thing.

If Ned Stone had ever heard fault found with him on the score that he *was* practical, and that he *wasn't* poetical, he might have answered with Mistress Audrey—supposing (and it's a doubtful case) that he was informed of the existence of that rustic—"I do not know what poetical is; is it honest in deed and word? Is it a true thing?" Certainly in both word and deed he was himself honest and true. For things that were otherwise he was quite without sympathy. Indeed, he was for the most part without knowledge concerning them; being a simple, straightforward gentleman, who went his own way, lived his own life, did what it fell to his lot to do, in a curiously sober, steady, homely fashion. He never swerved to the right or to the left. It did not occur to him, apparently, to deviate from a compact plan of consistent conduct. He never seemed to say any thing he did not mean, or to mean any thing he did not say; the while his openness had not about it that element of offensiveness which characterizes the unreserve of some people, with whom "speaking their minds," as they phrase it, is rather like cracking a bad egg—an operation better pretermitted than performed.

Ned Stone's mind ran pure and clear as a brook. You were of course at liberty, if such was your humor, to deride it as being merely a water-brook after all—preferring a fount of strong claret, perhaps. Still the former, be it remembered, is available at all times, and delectable ever in its own mild way; whereas the latter is only for occasions of festivity at long intervals, never running for any protracted period, nor always quite clear, and, with all its charms, capable upon provocation of giving you a headache or of throwing you into a fever.

He was a broker in the City—nothing more nor less than that. Whether his labors and profits had to do with tea or sugar, or ships or stock, I am not certain. I found it sufficient to know that he was a broker of some kind in the City. The fact conveyed a certain idea to my mind. If I had sought to enlarge the idea by clarifying the fact, I might have found myself less enlightened than further confused about the matter; for inquiry, I notice, often bewilders as much as it instructs. He had been very poor at one time of his life, and had had to work very hard. His industry, however, had in the end met with its due reward. Arrived at middle age, he was very comfortably circumstanced: and he saw no reason to doubt that his prosperity would continue. When he announced to his friends, therefore, that he thought of taking to himself a wife, it was felt generally that the step he meditated was a prudent and proper one, and only what might, under all the circumstances of the case, have been reasonably expected. And when he further stated that he had made an offer of his hand to one Miss Georgina Warren, the daughter of a wealthy East-India merchant, and that his offer had been accepted by that lady, we of course hastened to tender him our hearty congratulations on the happy occasion. When I say "we," I must not be understood as employing the editorial first person plural by way of veiling my own individuality, but as speaking on behalf of myself and various other friends of Ned Stone's, who were also *my* friends, and who cordially agreed with me in wishing joy to our friend upon the proposed important change in his life.

Ned Stone spoke of the matter in his own simple, sober way.

"Well, you know I'm getting on," he said, "and if I am ever to marry, it's about time I should think of setting about it. A few years hence it will be too late. I shall be settled down then in a bachelor kind of life, have adopted bachelor views and habits, and bachelor ways of looking at things, which I shouldn't be able to alter or get out of at any price. A few years ago I couldn't have afforded it, to put the matter plainly, and so it was out of the question. But I always looked forward to getting married when I could afford it; and so now, when I *can* afford it, I'm going to carry out the notion. You're very kind. I think I shall be happy—in fact, I've no doubt about it—as happy as a fellow has any right to expect to be. One ought not to expect too much, of course. But I'm fond, in my way, of this Georgina Warren; and I think that she, in her way, is fond of me. She is not too young, nor too old; not too good-looking, nor too plain. She's sensible enough, and accomplished enough; and I don't see why she shouldn't make me a very good kind of wife; and, similarly, I don't see why I shouldn't make her a very good kind of husband. I know I'll do all I can to make her happy and comfortable, and I've no doubt she'll do the same on her side. What more is there to be said? Perhaps I'm not very fond of old Warren, the father; and perhaps also old Warren, the father, isn't very fond of me. But still I don't see that that need matter very much. I dare say we shall understand each other better by-and-by; meantime we must rub on as well as we can; and I must try and make the best of the old gentleman's humors, and not run counter to him more than I can avoid. We needn't be meeting so very often, you know. And it seems to me that the old fellow would be no fonder of any body else who might want to marry his daughter than he is of me. And if Georgina likes me (and she says she does), and if I like Georgina (and I know I do), that seems to me the chief part of the business. I don't think I need trouble myself much about the old man's views on the subject. You see it's *our* affair—Georgina's and mine—and not *his*; though it's hard to make him see it in that light. But I dare say it will all come right in the end. That's what I tell Georgina when she takes up with rather gloomy views about her father's temper. She's very good sense, and I think she looks at the matter very much as I do—only, of course, she can't help feeling that he *is* her father; whereas, thank goodness, he is not mine. I'm much obliged to you all for your good wishes, I say again."

It will be seen that Ned Stone was not a lover to "sigh like a furnace." As for "writing a woeful ballad to his mistress's eyebrow," I don't fancy he could have accomplished such a feat, even if his life had depended on his doing so. His pulse beat ever steadily and punctually. The thermometer of his love stood at temperate, with no tendency toward a rise. Let Cupid do all he could it did not seem that he was able to work very vital changes in these respects. Stone, it was evident, persisted in contemplating love and marriage from the prosaic and practical point of view. Notions of poetry and sentiment on those or any other subjects were not possible to him. His constitutional serenity refused to be disturbed at all by "the quotidian of love." There was nothing about him demonstrating "a careless desolation." The "marks of love," as they are ordinarily understood, were not discernible upon him. He was indeed a great disappointment to conventional ideas in relation to the lover. Many perhaps would be inclined to think that he was not to be regarded as a lover at all; that he was simply a man going to be married, which character does not necessarily involve the former more attractive and showy *rôle*. Certainly he did not attitudinize or speechify or behave in the eccentric way which is popularly expected of a lover. He affected no particular raptures as to the proposed change in his life, though he looked forward to it with a sort of calm satisfaction. He never said a word as to the agitated state of his breast, or the excitement of his feelings. He did not regard Miss Warren as an angel or a goddess; probably he would have been the first to contradict any allegation that might have been made to the effect that she was any thing of the kind. Passion did not perplex or discompose his vision. Miss Warren seemed simply to him what she seemed to every body else—a nice-looking sensible English girl. If he was to be considered as a lover at all, why then it was as a lover with a large infusion of the man of business. At the same time it should be noted that as a man of business Ned Stone was a strictly honorable and thorough-going gentleman.

Stone's love affair might not be very interesting to a looker-on; if it could be called a romance at all, it was unquestionably a dull one. Yet there was something respectable about it too. His affection was not at all for display, but wholly for use; a solid and durable-looking article, and in that light commanding attention. It was not a wine that sparkled and effervesced, bubbling over the glass's brim in rose-tinted foam; yet it might, for all that, be of a sound, still, and potent vintage. Possibly, too, it would be found to *keep* better than its more dashing and sumptuous rival.

I liked the man. His worthiness, indeed, commanded the regard of all. Moreover he was a stanch, generous fellow, a most trusty and resolute friend. To me the progress of his love affair was a matter of curious study. I was often considering the question, Would it change him much? would his practicability ultimately succumb? was his philosophy wholly proof against passion? would he not rather, like most other men, however coolly he might enter upon the matter, find at last an unexpected fire kindling and crackling in his breast?

I called upon him one evening. He was alone. He looked a little grave, and he held in his hand a small sealed packet. We discussed various indifferent topics; then I inquired concerning Miss Georgina Warren.

"Oh, haven't you heard?" he said, quietly. "But of course you couldn't have heard. The affair's off; our engagement has come to an end."

"You don't mean that?"

"Yes; the thing's 'broken off,' as people say. It's a bad job, and I'm sorry about it; but it can't be helped."

Had the lady resented his serenity and dismissed him? I asked myself. As though he had heard the question, he went on:

"It's the old man's doing. I hope he's satisfied now. He's the most unreasonable and disagreeable old fellow I ever had the misfortune to meet with."

"But what did he do?"

"Well, we fell out about the settlements; that was where the hitch arose. I'm sure I did all I could to please him. I gave up condition after condition, quite in opposition to the advice of my solicitor. I told him to settle what money he proposed to settle upon his daughter—it wasn't much, after all—just as he pleased; I didn't want to touch a half-penny of it. He might settle it, I told him, just as strictly as ever he pleased; or he might settle nothing at all upon her, if he liked that better. It was his daughter I wanted and not his money. And for my part, I'd take care that my wife didn't come to want. I undertook to insure my life for a large amount, and to assign the policy to trustees for her benefit in case of my death, covenanting, of course, to pay the premiums regularly, and to keep up the insurance in the usual way. I thought that a fair arrangement enough; but it didn't content him. He wanted to tie my hands completely. He hadn't a ha'p'orth of confidence in me. He gave me credit for no sort of affection for his daughter. He insisted that any money I might in future become possessed of I should covenant to bring into the settlement. It was most absurd. Of course I couldn't consent to it. I had my business to consider. It may be very desirable by-and-by to invest further capital in it. Why should I be hindered from investing my own money in the way I might deem best? Of course my wife and my children—if I ever have any—will reap the benefit of it just as much as I shall. However, he wouldn't listen to me; so there was nothing more to be said. He wouldn't give in; and I wouldn't. I told Georgina exactly how the matter stood. She's of age. I asked her whether she'd marry me without the old man's consent. Poor girl! she was in a dreadful way. But she didn't dare do that. She shrunk from offending her father; so there's no help for it—the thing's broken off, and I'm not to be married, it seems—this time, at any rate."

He spoke rather sorrowfully, but still without the slightest trace of temper. I endeavored to console him in a commonplace sort of way. It was a difficult matter to know what to say upon such an occasion, and consolation at all times is apt to run into rather commonplace forms.

He opened the small packet he had been holding in his hand.

"This is pleasant," he said. "Here are all my letters to Georgina. And here's a little present I gave to her sent back to me."

There were not many letters. They were written, I could see, in my friend's usual bold, plain, legible hand. Their contents I could guess: little enough like conventional love-letters probably—very unecstatic compositions; yet simple and to the purpose, and unmistakable enough. The present was a ring, a large diamond heavily set in plain gold; just the valuable, substantial, simple present I could have fancied Ned Stone selecting for his betrothed.

"I suppose they'll expect me to send back Georgina's letters to me," he said.

"Undoubtedly."

"It's the usual way when engagements come to an end like this?"

"Certainly it's the usual way."

He rubbed his chin and seemed to reflect a little.

"Have a cigar," he said, presently, "and let's talk about something else; this is not the most agreeable subject in the world. Tell us what you've been doing with yourself lately."

So we fell to talking again about this, that, and the other. Presently I left him. As I went away he said, quietly, "I think I shall try and see Georgina once more for a particular reason."

I did not ask what the particular reason was, and he did not tell me.

A few nights afterward I saw him again. He was at no time subject much to change of mood, or at any rate seldom betrayed any variation of that kind. Yet it struck me that, if any thing, he was in rather better spirits than usual.

"You didn't mention," he said, "what I told you the other night—that my engagement was broken off?"

I explained that I had not mentioned it for a particularly good reason. I had not seen any person whom it would interest to be informed of the fact.

"It's just as well," he said, "because, as it happens, the engagement isn't broken off; or rather it's on again."

"Indeed! I'm sure I'm very glad to hear it."

"I told you I should try and see Georgina again. Well, I knew that she often went with her father and other relations and friends to the Zoological Gardens on Sunday. I couldn't call at old Warren's house, you know, because I understood that I was as good as kicked out of that. So I went to the Zoological—I've a friend who's a Fellow, who gives me a ticket for Sundays whenever I ask him—and I looked about for Georgina. I soon discovered her, with Warren and a lot of other people. She saw me, and understood by my signs that I wanted to speak to her on the quiet. Well, she lingered behind a little, and when the rest of her party went to look at the kangaroos she slipped with me into the snake-house. She looked rather frightened, and the tears stood in her eyes; so I put my arm round her—it didn't matter to me who saw me, you know—and told her there was nothing to be alarmed at, and that I only wanted to say a word or two. I then told her that I was sorry I had not sent back her letters as I ought to have; but the plain fact of the matter was, I couldn't do it. 'You love me still, then, Ned?' she said. 'Of course I do, Georgy,' I said; 'who's been telling you I don't?' Then she began crying terribly. 'Come, Georgy,' I said, 'let's be married, whether papa likes it or not; only say the word.' She didn't say the word. Poor child! I don't think she could speak for crying; but she looked at me, and she gave ever such a little nod, and then she began laughing through her tears. It was the prettiest thing you ever saw. Of course I kissed her. And then I turned, and who should be standing close at my side but old Warren! Georgy gave a little scream, and then tried to make-believe that we were only looking at the boa-constrictor. But of course that didn't do; so I said to old Warren, in a cheery sort of way, putting out my hand, 'Mr. Warren, Georgy and I are going to be married; that's quite settled. But you and I may as well be friends all the same. We'd much rather have your consent than not. Suppose you give it us.' He was so astonished that before, I think, he quite knew what he was doing, he'd taken my hand, with all his friends standing round and looking on. Of course he couldn't go back after that; and so—and so—the thing was settled."

I congratulated him heartily. Presently I said by chance, "How lucky it was you didn't send back Miss Warren's letters!"

"My dear fellow, that was what I wanted to explain to her. I couldn't send them back."

"You found them too dear to you?"

At last, then, he'd been betrayed into a feeling of romance.

"Not at all," he explained. "I couldn't send them back because—I hadn't kept them. I'd destroyed them."

"Destroyed them?"

"Yes. What was the good of them? I only keep business letters; they're all regularly docketed at my office. But for Georgy's letters, they were no use. It was no good keeping them. *I made them into pipe-lights!*"

"You didn't tell her that?"

"No; I hadn't time. I never arrived at my explanation about the letters."

"Then, my dear Stone, let me entreat you, whatever you do, *don't* give Miss Warren your explanation about the letters."

"Why shouldn't I?"

"Don't you see? She thought you didn't send back her letters for a sentimental reason; because they were so dear to you that you couldn't part with them; and so, in point of fact, that little misunderstanding of hers led to the re-establishment of your love affair."

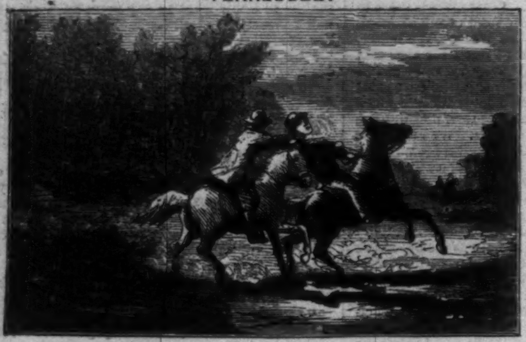
"Do you think so?" he asked, musingly. "But if Georgy's made any mistake about the matter I think I'm bound to set her right."

"My dear Stone, take my advice; for fear of accidents, set her right—if you must set her right—*after* the wedding ceremony, not before."

Whether or not he took my advice I'm not aware. He was married in due course to Miss Warren; and I know that that lady was often heard to declare subsequently she had married the best husband in the world.

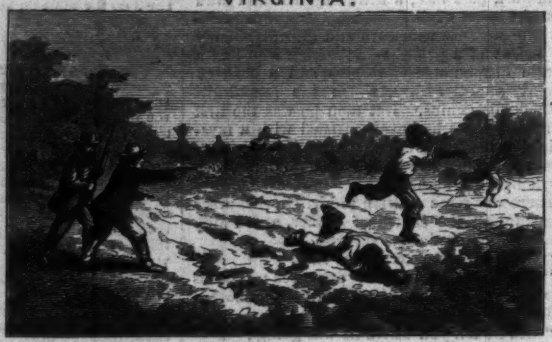
His practicality had answered; and it may be a good plan to convert love-letters into pipe-lights; still I shrink from laying it down as a rule that such a course should be invariably adopted. Lovers must be left in that respect to pursue their own devices, and to do what may seem right in their own eyes. It must be owned, however, that the story of Stone's love affair shows that there is something to be said in favor of practicality.

TENNESSEE.



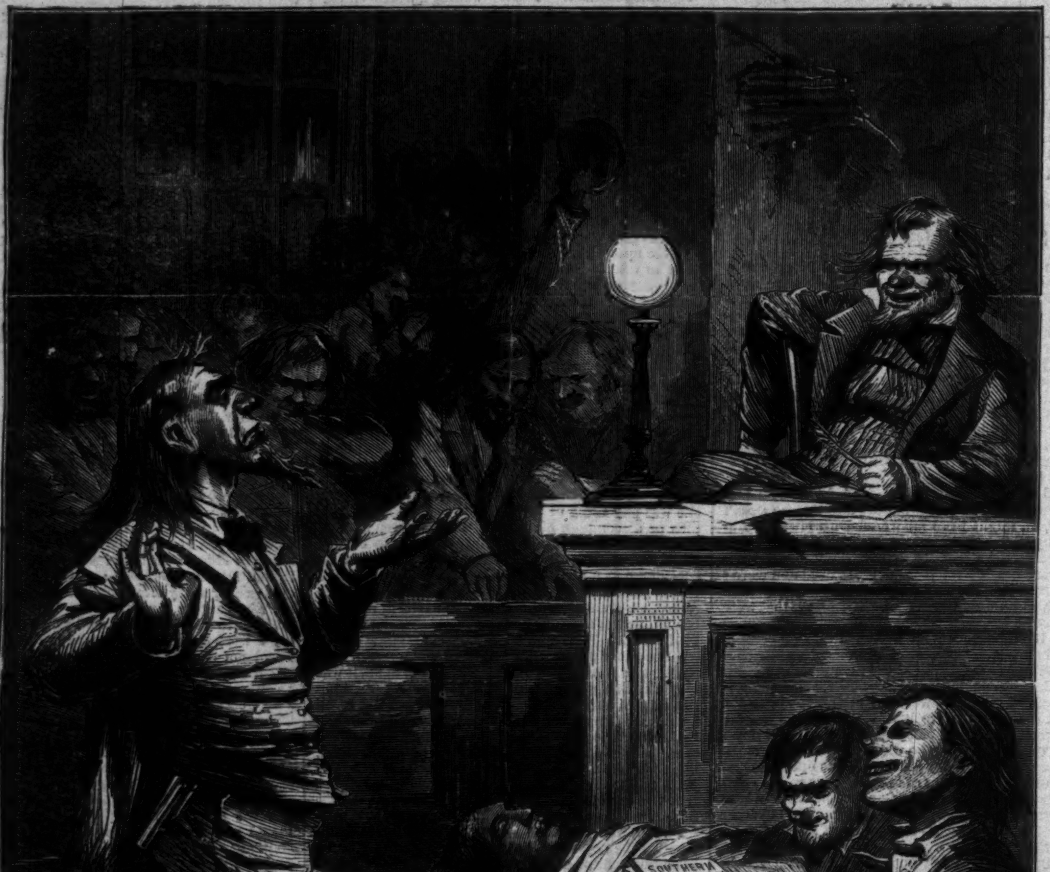
THE MURDER OF SENATOR CASE.

VIRGINIA.



DRIVING THEM OFF THE PLANTATIONS WITHOUT WAGES AND SHOOTING THEM

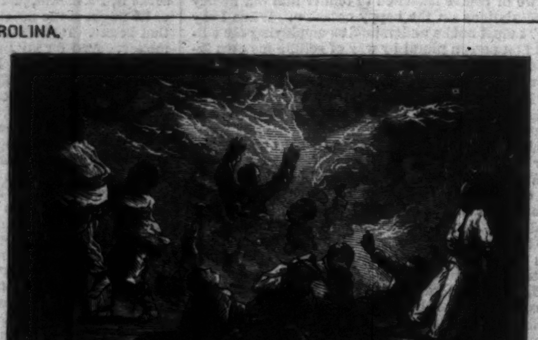
IF HE IS A SOUTHERN GENTLEMAN,



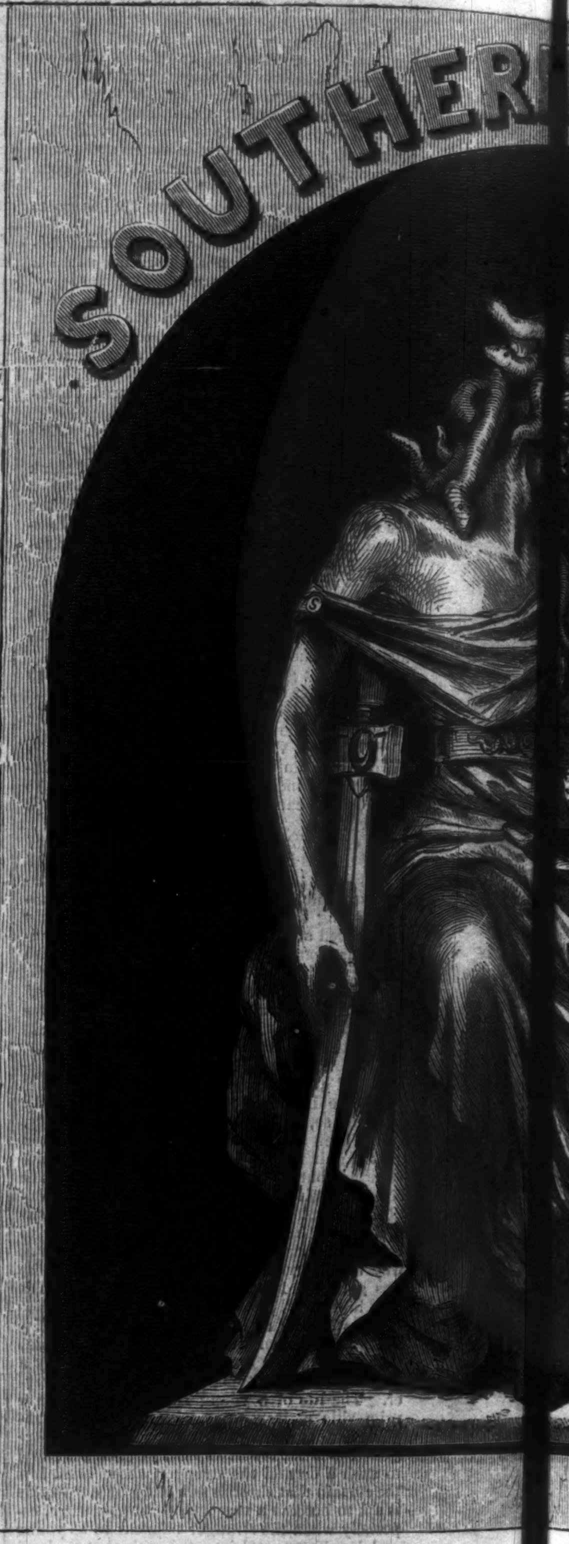
VERDICT, "A GOOD JOKE ON A NIGGER".

SOUTH CAROLINA.

THREE U.S. SOLDIERS MURDERED.



TWENTY TWO NEGRO PRISONERS BURNED TO DEATH.



And the President's Veto o

......Feb. 19.—T

Journal's special correspondence says that a mob, composed of the remains Quantrell's guerrillas, broke open Mr. Carey's house at Parkesville, and se and hung Mr. Carey. He had been tried for stealing a horse to escape from rebels at the battle of Perrysville.

CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.—Three soldiers of the army of the Uni States were murdered in October, 1865, in South Carolina, under circumstances peculiar cruelty, and several persons were arrested, tried, and condemned b military commission for said murder. Said persons, so condemned, were sub quently reprieved and transferred to Fort Delaware, from which they were ta by writ of habeas corpus and set free.

Jan., 1867.—"The jail at Kingstree, South Carolina, has been destroyed by f and 22 colored prisoners smothered or burned to death, while the only white p oner was permitted to escape."—MAJOR-GENERAL J. C. ROBINSON.

BELL COUNTY, TEXAS.—On the night of December 3 a mob of about th entered the jail, murdered old Mr. Lindley, his son, and another inmate of the j who was an entire stranger to the Lindleys......GRAYSON COUNTY.—Two neg have been most brutally murdered within the last few days.

SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.—The police, however, arrested several negroes, wh they treated in the most brutal and barbarous manner—beating them over the h so severely as to cause the blood to flow profusely. No attempts were made arrest any of the white men, although they were the parties who inaugurated a controlled the strike from beginning to end.

"Driving them off the plantations without wages, or, as has been done in so cases, shooting them; a gentleman who commits a homicide of that kind gets gentlemen friends together—and they are nearly all magistrates—and they ex ine and discharge him."—GENERAL SCHOFIELD, *Department of Virginia.*

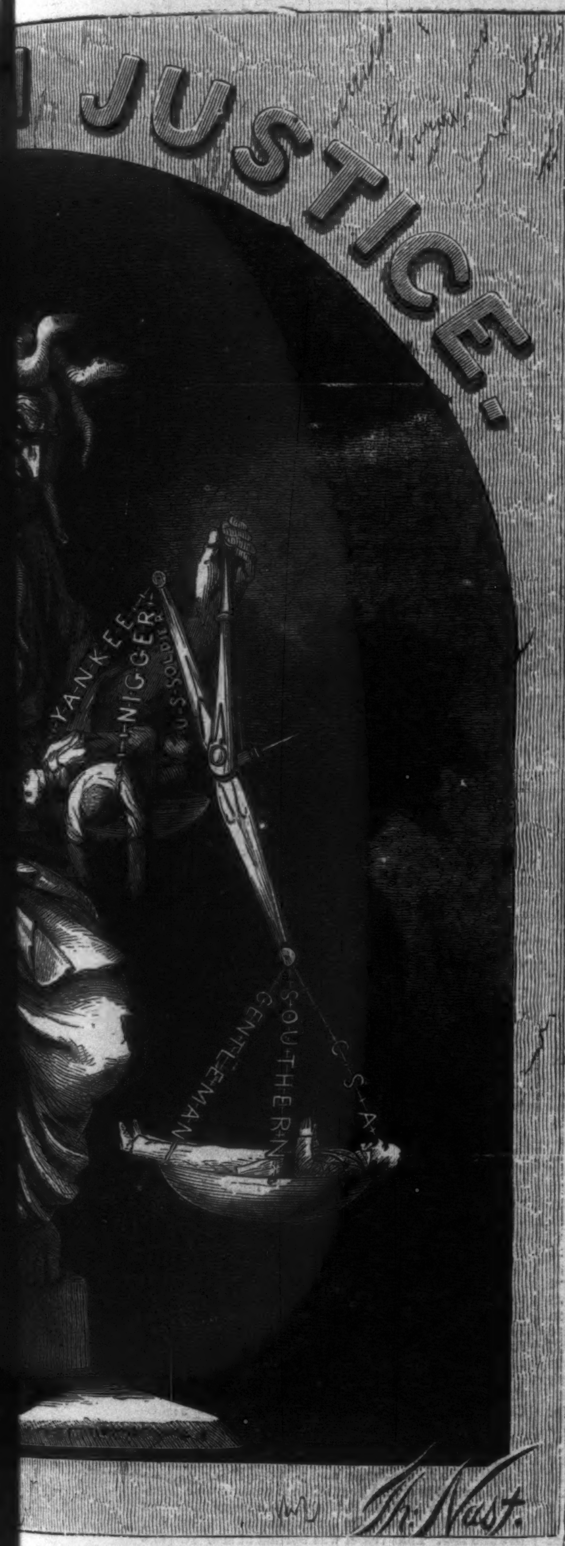
"My own opinion is that the trial of a white man for the murder of a freed in Texas would be a farce, and in making the statement I make it because tr compels me, and for no other reason."—GENERAL SHERIDAN.

"You could not find a jury in South Carolina that would convict a man for k ing a Union soldier, no matter what the testimony."—GENERAL SICKLES.

"Homicides of Union men, soldiers, and freedmen, are on the increase."—G ERAL THOMAS J. WOOD.

"If a freedman is murdered by men who had been in the rebellion, it is imp sible to get the criminal arrested even; and if he is arrested, he is sure to be leased on very low bail."—GENERAL BAIRD.

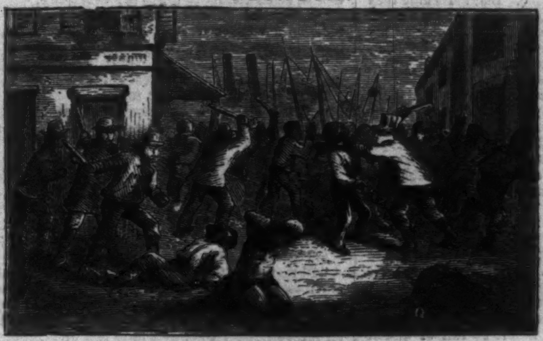
"I do not believe there is much chance of convicting a resident or citi Georgia for murder if the victim is a Union man or a negro."—GEN. Thomas



Military Government Bill.

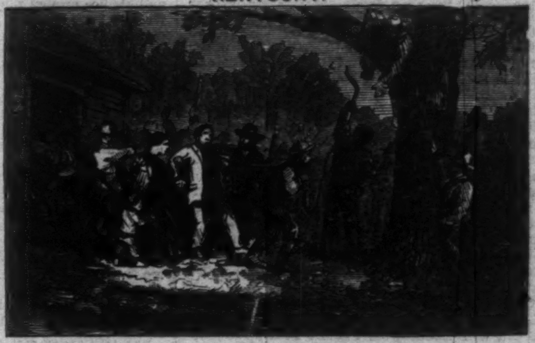
declares that there exists in those States no legal Governments, and no ade-
te protection for life or property, and asserts the necessity of enforcing peace
good order within their limits......They are organized like the other States
he Union, and like them they make, administer, and execute the laws which
cern their domestic affairs......The provisions which these Governments have
e for the preservation of order, the suppression of crime, and the redress of
ate injuries, are in substance and principle the same as those which prevail in
Northern States and in other civilized countries ......It is undoubtedly true
these evils have been much increased and exaggerated, North and South, by
demoralizing influences of civil war, and by the rancorous passions which the
est has engendered......The military rule which it establishes is plainly to
sed not for any purpose of order, or for the prevention of crime, but solely as
eans of coercing the people into the adoption of principles and measures to
h it is known that they are opposed, and upon which they have an undenia-
right to exercise their own judgment......The power thus given to the com-
ding officer over all the people of each district is that of an absolute monarch.
..Being bound by no State law, and there being no other law to regulate the
ect, he may make a criminal code of his own, and he can make it as bloody as
recorded in history, or he can reserve the privilege of acting upon the impulse
is private passions in each case that arises .....Instead of *mitigating* the
hness of his single rules, such a tribunal would be used much more, probably,
ivide the responsibility of making it more cruel and unjust......Can it be ex-
ed that military officers will understand or follow a rule expressed in language
urely technical, and not pertaining in the least degree to their profession? If
then each officer may define cruelty according to his own temper, and if not
l, he will make it usual. Corporal punishment—the gag, the ball and chain,
the other almost insupportable forms of torture invented for military punish-
t—lie within the range of choice......It is plain that the authority here given
e military officer amounts to absolute despotism......It reduces the whole
lation of the ten States, all persons of every color, sex, and condition, and ev-
stranger within their limits, to the most abject and degrading slavery......It
ects not only the citizens of the United States which are within the Union, but
ields every human being who comes or is brought under our jurisdiction......
every State comprised in the five military districts life, liberty, and property
ecured by State laws and Federal laws, and the national Constitution is every
re in force and every where obeyed. The Courts, State and Federal, are open
in the full exercise of their proper authority. What, then, is the ground on
h this bill proceeds?......We are providing now for a time of profound peace,
n there is not an armed soldier within our borders except those who are in the
ice of the Government......The Constitution declares that no person shall be
ived of life, liberty, or property without due process of law......The evils
h spring from the unsettled state of our Government will be acknowledged by
A. JOHNSON.

GEORGIA.



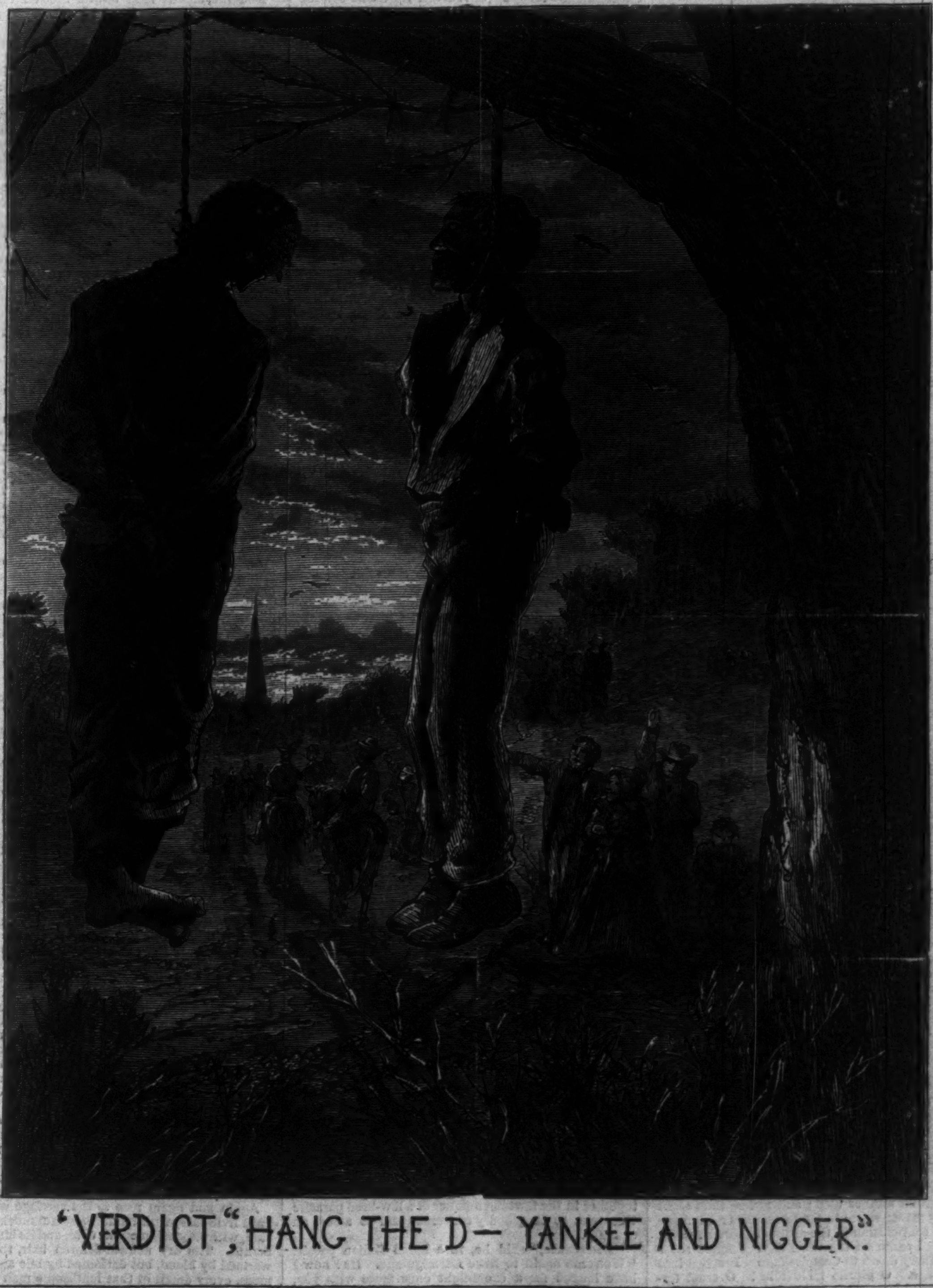
THE POLICE AND THE FREEDMEN.

KENTUCKY.



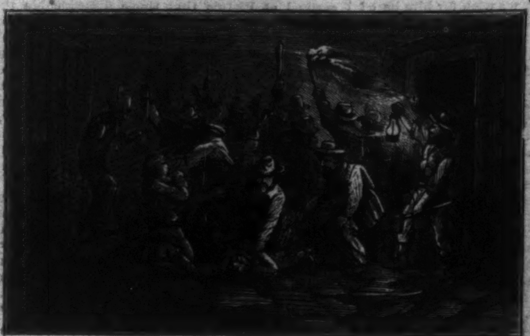
THE HANGING OF Mr. CAREY.

IF HE IS A UNION MAN OR A FREEDMAN.

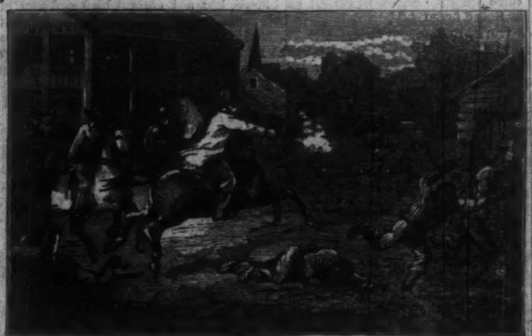


"VERDICT", HANG THE D— YANKEE AND NIGGER."

TEXAS



THE LINDLEY MURDER.



WHOLESALE MURDER OF FREEDMEN.

MY FRIEND'S VILLA.

"So you are determined, Signor Owen," said Count Galli to me as we returned together from a pleasant evening party at the Casa Guidi, "determined to leave Florence to-morrow, and spend a hermit's week in that dismal villa of mine on the road to Pistoia? Eh bien! tastes differ. I pity you, that's all; and in the name of all that is beautiful in the Pitti Gallery, and all that is sublime in the Duomo, let me, as an old friend, dissuade you from going."

"Count Galli," replied I, as we entered his house, not far from the Boboli Gardens, throwing down my white glove on one of the huge mosaic tables as I spoke, "don't compel me to refuse to take your advice; I must hide myself for a week. I have some literary work to do that can not be delayed. To-morrow, my good friend, I positively tear myself from the Ghiberti gates, and from pleasant walks in the Cascine, to bury myself in that quiet villa of yours among the hills, far from all the fascinations of your delightful Florence. I have been there before, Count, and I know the delicious quietude of the spot."

"Now, one cigar, then, my friend, before we part for the night," said the Count; "and the more so because you will probably start before I am up to-morrow. Francisco Luigi"—here he clapped his hands, a habit the eccentric old nobleman had contracted from a long residence in the Lebanon—"bring some cigars and a bottle of yellow Chartreuse. I must tell you one or two things that have made Carmigniano disagreeable to me."

My kind host was one of the most eccentric men in Florence. (I am speaking now of a year or two before the Austrians were chased out of Lombardy.) He was an old bachelor nobleman, living by himself in an enormous palace in the suburbs of the city, which he had crammed with second-rate pictures, old china, old books, and musical instruments. He always wore a droll spencer over a quaintly-cut tail-coat, and those obtrusive Hessian boots.

The first-floor room in which we sat was an exact model of its owner's spacious but dusty and slovenly brain. All round the wall stood stacks of unarranged pictures, that had been waiting for years, with their faces to the wainscot, to be hung. There, in the centre of the marble floor, stood an old rickety spinnet, on which the Count had practiced ever since he was a boy. It was piled with plates, tumblers, guitars, flutes, and annotated copies of "Dante." Against it leaned great dusty port-folios of the rarest etchings. Upon a side-table, propped up by a box of chessmen, lay Frisi's great treatise on Hydraulics. The room was, like the Count's mind, a series of promises, sketches, and uncompleted plans.

The Count smiled benignly at the Chartreuse, as he poured out the yellow, glutinous liquid into two liqueur glasses; then solemnly divested himself of his eye-glass, as if it had been an order of knighthood ponderous with jewels, and waiting till Francisco closed the door after him, sat back in his chair, and with two vigorous kicks sent his patent-leather Hessian boots flying to opposite corners of the room. Finally, complacently biting off the tip of the cigar, he lit a spluttering Vesuvian, and began to talk from out of a cloud of fragrant smoke.

"My friend," said he, "most men have a secret. Trees may grow over it, and flowers flourish on the turf above it, but there it remains still, deep in their souls like the dead body in a murderer's garden. I also have mine. 'When I was a stripling my father and mother lived at Carmigniano. I used to amuse myself by fishing in the trout-streams between the mountains. Sometimes I ventured too far from home, lost myself, and had to seek shelter for the night at the peasants' cottages. My favorite walk was to a ruined tower, once a villa of the Medici, that was stuck, like a bull's horn, on the edge of a neighboring mountain. It was overgrown with brambles; and the quick, green lizards flashing across the stones of the ramparts were the only living things to be seen within the walls. One day I met a peasant girl watching some goats that were feeding beside the torrent that passed below the castle. She was very beautiful, with those dark eyes, that lavish wealth of black hair, and that rosy-brown complexion which distinguishes our country beauties. God help me! I was very young and passionate; I fell at once into an abyss of love; but a love pure and unselfish as it was timid and innocent. I made the contadina sit by my side and tell me the legend of the tower. Years ago, she said, with a voice that was angel's music to my ear, her violet breath playing upon my cheek—years ago a wicked marchese had lived in that castle. He was cruel; he oppressed the poor, and hated all good men. He had a special and inextinguishable hatred for the poor mendicant friars, who occasionally wandered up the valley from Florence to seek alms for their convent from peasants poorer even than themselves. When he could catch one of these holy men, he would have a deep hole dug in his olive-garden, bury the friar in it up to his chin, and then bowl stones at him till he died. At last the people of Florence heard of this; came here, attacked and burned the castle, and tying the marchese to one of their military engines, hurled him into the valley below, where he lay till the foxes and crows devoured him piecemeal. Well. I need scarcely tell you, a poet, how my love grew till its roots filled every fibre of my heart and brain; how I found excuses every day to obtain stolen interviews with Lisa; or how at last—for my love was always a pure and refined one—I swore, one Ave-Maria time, to wed Lisa and defy my kinsfolk, as soon as I returned from Paris, where I was to be sent for a year. I went to Paris. I am afraid that a wicked but secret joy filled my heart when my proud mother died; and in less than eight months my father wrote to me to return to Florence to accept a commission in the army of those accursed Austrians. I came on the third day. I made some excuse to hurry down to Carmigniano. I rushed into Lisa's cottage. O giorno maledetto! O cruel fortune! I found her sitting on the floor singing a song I had once taught her, as beautiful as before, but a maniac. Some accursed being, born of hell and doing Satan's work, had discovered our love, told my father, and persuaded him to tell Lisa that I was married in Paris. She had fallen into a fever, and finally her reason had left her. My friend, I try to be a Christian—I seldom miss confession; but I swear to you by the glory of Paradise, that even now, if I knew where that accursed villain could be found, I would never rest till I had split his heart with this knife, or till, in a death-grapple, one of us had thrown the other into the bottomless darkness."

Here the Count, overcome with agony of grief and rage, hid his face for some minutes in his hands, and rocked himself to and fro. I had never felt so strongly the difference of the Englishman and Italian as I did now, when I saw a love and rage so inextinguishable still cast up flames from the old man's heart.

"What will be will be," he continued, after a short but painful pause. "I placed Lisa with Tyecchi, a young doctor of Carmigniano, and allowed him an annual pension for her support. I never saw her again. I have never been to Carmigniano since; but even in that plausible doctor I was deceived. Five years after that our good old fattore (steward), Antonio—your favorite—came to me, and told me that I had been cheated; that Lisa was dead two years since, and that Dr. Tyecchi, worthy Tyecchi, had concealed the poor girl's death in order to steal the pension. I sent for him, and reproached him with the theft; but somehow or other the rascal got over me with his plausible ways and his lies framed to please me. Liar! I know they were to please me. He told me that Lisa before her death had recovered her reason, and died kissing my miniature. I forgave him, and sent him back to Carmigniano without a public exposure. Signor Owen, beware of that man; he is bad; there is a taint in his blood. I could bet a thousand scudi he is the man, or it is his son, who continually writes me anonymous letters about the good old fattore, heaping abuse on him, and trying to make me distrust him. The people at Carmigniano are rough and bad. Robberies are frequent there, and no one ever seems to catch the thieves. There must be connivance somewhere."

I expressed my sympathy in a few sincere words. But how hard it is to find in a moment the right plaster for the right wound!

"Dear Count," I said, "time brings roses; time to me is sorrow's best anodyne. You and Lisa will one day meet in heaven."

And here, to change the conversation, I sat down to the spinnet and played that charming old air of Gluck's, "Che farò senza Euridice?" music so full of quaint melancholy.

It soothed my friend.

"*My* Lisa," I said, "is in England. I fear no shafts from dark eyes when I think of her. In spite of all your evil omens, Count, I long for the quiet of your Carmigniano—its gray olive-trees, its cream-colored oxen, its little green wheat-fields, its flowery vines."

The Count had shaken off his brooding thoughts, and was again the volatile gay old nobleman. He displaced me at the spinnet, and dashed off the drinking-song from *Fra Diavolo*.

"Ha! heretic," he said, shaking his eye-glass at me, "give me life in the city, as one of your Anglo-Italian poets says; the blessed church-bells to waken one; the diligence rattling in with the news from Bologna; then the market-place below one's window gay with Pulcinello, the traveling doctor, or a crowd reading the last edict (curse it!); or at noon a procession, with our Lady in spangles, and seven swords in her heart, the monks and the penitents with candles, the soldiers in the rear. Oh, give me the city!"

"I am satisfied, O Mecænas!" said I, "with the olives blowing silvery in the wind, the wheat sharp and green pricking up from the clods, and in due time with the fire-flies sparkling in the twilight, and the cicalas chirping in the hot noontide. I am a poet, you know; and it is my profession to like these things better than what I think the lower delights of your artificial pleasures."

"Well," said the Count, rising and lighting his bedroom candle, "you ought to be able to decide by this time, for you spent all last May at Carmigniano; but I notice that you never require more than one month's leave. Buona sera—Bu-o-na se-ra!"

I was just shaking hands with the good mercurial old Count when Luigi entered, and, in the brisk manner of a stage servant, handed a clumsy letter to the Count.

"It is a letter from Antonio," said the servant; "it came this morning, but Francisco forgot to give it you."

"And, diable! why didn't Francisco bring it, that I might scold him?" said the Count, laughing. "Oh, these servants, these servants! When shall we be waited on by machinery?"

The Count read the letter: "Dearest master—(good old Antonio)—I and Catherine—(dear old souls—mumble-mumble)—sold two meadows of hay to Dr. Tyecchi. Third year—not paid. Tells me of a plan to rob the house; but I have hired as a watchman young Lorenzo, the miller's son."

"Tell Antonio, my dear Owen, to press the doctor for payment, and by all means to hire another watchman. Now doesn't that deter you from detestable Carmigniano? If it were not for old Antonio I'd sell that place. I tell you it is unlucky to our race."

"No," said I; "I go, and my servant goes with me, and we have each a revolver. Besides, it's only for a week. Good-night, Count—a rivederlo!"

The next morning early I started for Carmigniano with my servant, and arrived there late in the afternoon, the road from Florence to the village being steep and bad.

I found Antonio and his good old wife in a state of fear at some village gossip hinting at an intended robbery; but my coming reassured them, and the sight of my revolver, and that of Jackson's, seemed to make Antonio quite martial.

Before I went to bed that night I ordered the miller to be sent for that I might see how far I could trust our watchman. I found him a clear-eyed, frank young fellow, full of honesty and courage; from that moment I threw aside all anxiety, ordered him a glass of absinthe, and went to bed.

The next morning I was sitting at breakfast at the open window, sipping my coffee with that luxurious idleness with which a busy man prepares for a hard day's work. It was a fine May morning, and the air (as it does sometimes in spring) seemed to be laden with the scent of flowers. There was just breeze enough to vibrate the vine-branches at the window, and to stir inquiringly among the leaves of the "Guicciardini" that lay before me on the snowy table-cloth for reference. I had laid down the tedious historian for a moment to read one of Michael Angelo's finest sonnets, when the door opened, and who should come gliding in but Dr. Tyecchi! He did not seem to look me straight in the face, though there was a hard smile on his pale lips; and he advanced rubbing his hands together in the fawning manner of a low-bred parasite who tries to be grandly courteous and to assert an equality.

"Benvenuto," said he, in a harsh Italian patois. "Welcome again to little Carmigniano. Ha! how I have longed for a chess-fight once more with you, Signor Owen! And how is the dear Count, our excellent lord and master? How we wish for him here! It is a dull, monotonous life for us country doctors—no opera, no processions, nothing."

I shook the intrusive doctor's hand somewhat coldly, I fear—for I can never conceal a dislike—and offered him a chair.

"But, doctor," said I, "you have scarcely known much, except through reading, of the gay city life you lament so much." (The moment I said this, I remembered that I had heard that the doctor had been driven from the great hospital at Florence for misconduct.)

The doctor colored. It was not a blush that rose on his yellow cheek, but a fever-spot of red glowed on each cheek-bone. "Yes," said he; "I have known city life; but poverty compelled me to come and settle among these rude and turbulent village people. Ha! signor mio, how the good priest and I have been longing for your return! There is no society for us nearer than Pistoia, and even the best friends grow at times tired of each other, you know."

Now this was a falsehood; for the priest himself had told me that he would never associate with the doctor, for he cheated him at cards and had given up confession. I thought it best, however, to say nothing; for I knew the stealthy serpent-like nature of the man I had to deal with.

I am not naturally suspicious, but I could not help observing that the doctor, as he sat opposite to me, kept his snuff-box open on the table, and his hand, the forefinger and thumb of which held a pinch of what I supposed to be snuff, was extended across my books, so as almost to touch my coffee-cup.

"Delightful book!" said the doctor, gayly, as he took up a volume of Redi; "but have you read the *lussuriosi sonetti* of Aretino?"

"No!" said I, angrily; "that infamous writer is unfit to be read by any honest man."

The doctor bit his lip and replied:

"Well, well; every one has scruples; I myself am no prude; I profess to be a cosmopolitan, though I have not traveled; but look! what is that bird there over the dove-cot?"

I turned and looked round quickly at the back-window. I could see nothing. I snapped round again equally quickly, and saw the doctor's hand touch the milk-jug and draw swiftly back from it, but not swift enough to escape my notice.

He colored again.

"I beg ten thousand pardons," said he, laughing (a dry metallic laugh it was); "in my hurry to point out the kite that flew away just as I called out (bungler that I am!), I nearly upset the milk-jug. And now let me retire, for I see you look full of business. Be assured I should not have come in so suddenly and unannounced had not I seen good old Antonio busy nailing up a pomegranate-tree in the garden, and I would not disturb him. I hope to see you often, signor carissimo. Addio, addio, addio!"

And the odious man bowed himself out with as much ceremony as I had been Lorenzo de' Medici come to life again.

Ten minutes afterward old Antonio entered to take away the breakfast things.

"Have you been gardening, Antonio?" I said.

"No, signor mio; I have been down in the village to buy charcoal."

I saw in a moment that the doctor had watched his opportunity to find me alone; but I did not mention my suspicions to Antonio.

"Antonio," said I, "If Dr. Tyecchi calls any day while I am here mind I am engaged."

"Si, signor." And old Antonio gave me a respectful wink, which implied a supreme knowledge of my wishes.

"Antonio," said I, as the faithful old fattore was just piloting my breakfast-tray through the door way; Antonio turned his head back over his left shoulder—"Antonio, pour out the rest of that milk into a saucer, leave it on my table, and send Zanze in to me."

"Si, signor," replied Antonio, with his usual grave bow, this time somewhat impeded by the loaded tray.

A moment after the door was opened by Antonio and in sprung Zanze, a favorite large milk-white Persian cat that I had bought at Venice: he began to arch his back and sidle to me, and pur in a low beseeching way. I put down the saucer of milk; Zanze lapped it up eagerly. A minute or two afterward I was roused from my writing by a scream and a dash at the door. It was poor Zanze. Then he came to my side, mewed as if he were in pain, lay down, shivered, and died. Three minutes afterward the body was stiff and stark. I could not doubt but that he had been poisoned; but I did not at the time suspect the doctor, or establish in my own mind any connection between his visit and Zanze's death.

Antonio, who wrung his hands when he saw dead Zanze, attributed his death to the malice of a neighbor's son. The next two days I spent head down at my task, and in writing home to my wife; but the third day, a letter from a correspondent, an antiquarian at Pistoia, determined me to take horse and visit that town, in order to see an old Lombardic church, some account of which would serve to illustrate one of my principles in an architectural work which I was then engaged upon.

I gave orders to have my carriage instantly prepared for the road.

Antonio heard the news of my intended departure with singular alarm. A presentiment of some evil seemed weighing upon him. He hoped I would soon be back, and asked me if I should object, as the house would now have fewer defenders, to have a second watchman. I laughed at the old servant's fears, but at the same time ordered the miller to hire a colleague in the village.

The carriage came round to the door, and I got in. As I passed through the corridor leading to the entrance, I had, I should mention, found Antonio praying before a statue of the Virgin, before which a lamp was kept continually burning by the Count's wish, and I distinguished my name in the prayer he uttered half to himself. Both he and his old wife came to the door to see me off, to bow, and to wish me *buon viaggio*.

Just as Antonio slammed the door a little peasant girl leaped up to the window, and offered me homage in the shape of a bunch of those little red tulips that grow among the corn. I threw her a silver bit, but I saw Antonio's shadow spit on the ground three times, as Italians do when the omens are bad, and, taking the flowers from her hand, he trod them under foot.

I had no time to stay and ask Antonio the meaning of his action; for off dashed the horses, and in a minute or two we had left Carmigniano far behind us.

All that five hours' journey I was tyrannized over—I know not why—by one thought. How is it that the mind sometimes seems to keep singing one and the same note, and will pass on to no other? The face and bearing of Dr. Tyecchi kept continually occurring to my imagination. I tried to exhaust the thought and throw it aside, but I could not.

Again and again rose to the carriage window that hard livid face, with its unchangeful mocking expression, with its small metallic eyes, and its bitter pinched mouth. The dry neutral-colored hair, the flesh unwarmed by blood, but darkened by bile and green humors, every detail of that loathsome man passed and inventoried themselves in my mind. It was not till I arrived at Pistoia that those disagreeable thoughts passed away. I finished my sketches and notes on the second day, and started again for Carmigniano.

The horses went well till we came within seven miles of the village. Then the near-horse suddenly betrayed a lameness for which no examination of the foot could account. It soon increased to such an alarming degree, and our pace became so intolerably slow, that I got out, and expressed my intention (as the road was straight and clear) of walking on to Carmigniano, followed by my servant, each of us armed with a revolver.

It was one of those nights when the moon, without being visible, seems to cast a dim light through the struggling gray clouds that environ it. Once, and once only, a clear fresh wind swept away the rolling and struggling vapors, and out slipped the moon for a moment and launched herself into the dark-blue ocean of air.

The mountain road was dry and hard; below, in the ravines, we could hear the roar of the leaping torrents, the wind surging among the sloping fir-trees. I was in high spirits with my walk, and sang one of Uhland's fine ballads as a vent to my animal spirits.

We entered the village. There was the mill, there the priest's house, there the cluster of cottages; yonder the road flying on toward Florence. We reached a by-road leading to the villa. I saw no signs of the miller or his friends patrolling. I had half-determined to fire my revolver to alarm and expose these loitering hirelings, when, to my astonishment, two men suddenly brushed past me, and ran furiously down the road in the direction of the village. They did not see us, for we were at that moment hid in shadow.

They had got about a hundred yards from us, still running violently, when the moon turned its lamp upon them for a moment. That moment's glimpse convinced me that, whoever the second fugitive might be, the first was Doctor Tyecchi.

A strange, vague alarm seized me: I hurried on. I found the villa-gate thrown open; on the doorstep lay the body of a dead man, the chopper that had killed him lying beside it. We lifted it; it was Antonio dead, but still warm. A lantern, extinguished, lay beside him. The doorstep was a pond of blood; the half-shut door and the door-posts were crimson-wet with the gore of the poor fattore.

But this was not all. Leaving Antonio's body, we ran in to see after the safety of his old wife. Alas! the wretches had been before us. We found her chopped to death on the marble staircase leading from the hall. One hand still clutched the baluster. She had been killed, I think, as she had turned to fly to her bedroom, and there bolt herself in from the murderers.

After what I had seen I could not doubt but that the murderer was the doctor and some unknown accomplice, perhaps his son. The motive—robbery, revenge, a desire to escape the payment of some debt, or all these motives combined. Poor Antonio's presentiment, though merely a vague fear, had indeed come true!

The trial of the doctor and his son was an unsatisfactory one. The Florentines have a dread of capital punishment; and by their law no man can be found guilty of murder on the evidence of one witness alone. My proof of the doctor's identity was thought insufficient. The only accepted witness was the little girl who brought me the red tulips. She was the niece of the doctor's housekeeper. She deposed that on the night of the murder, being abed, she woke up and saw the doctor and his son enter the room and change their coats, which were wet and stained with something red. But this was not sufficient for a conviction; and the doctor, on showing a receipt, said to be in Antonio's writing, for the three years' hay, escaped.

At the trial Tyecchi had looked anxious, but betrayed no emotion. He was plausible, fawning, deprecating as ever, and audibly prayed God to pardon me when I stood up to give my evidence.

The very day of his acquittal I was taken ill of a low fever, and being very weak, and now and then light-headed, my servant sent for Dr. Tyecchi, there being no other medical man to be found nearer than Pistoia.

I myself was too ill to be consulted on the subject. All I can remember is, that on feebly opening my eyes I saw Dr. Tyecchi, pale and trembling, enter the room, and look about him in a troubled way.

"Was it not here," I heard him say to the servant, "that the good old f—f—fattore was m—m—murdered?"

"No," replied the servant, roughly; "that was at the outer door—it was his wife that the wretches killed on the stairs outside this room."

Then the doctor advanced, lancet in hand, to bleed me; but he was so nervous that he could not strike the vein.

I could bear it no longer; perhaps he would pierce an artery, or poison my medicine in revenge. I had just strength enough to pull my arm under the clothes.

"Why, doctor," I said, in a low voice, "the last time you came to this house you let blood sooner than this."

The doctor turned ashy pale, stammered, dropped the lancet, and exclaiming, "His mind is gone!" rushed from the room.

I had just strength enough to say, "Luigi, do not let that man enter the house again. Dispatch a mounted messenger directly to Florence, to Count Galli, and ask him to send me Dr. Guarducci."

In a week I had pretty well recovered, and was able to return to Florence. Three days before Dr. Tyecchi and his son had left Carmigniano, on their way to Leghorn, to embark for Alexandria—a great resort for implicated Italians. The younger son, a farmer, remained in the village.

A month later I started for England *viâ* Paris. In the November of that year I received a letter from Count Galli; it contained the following passage:

"You remember that rascal Tyecchi, whose crime gave such a ghastly conclusion to your visit to my villa—that visit which I warned you against; but you English are so obstinate, and you call it being firm—firm: yes, so is a wild boar when it charges on a hunting-spear. Well, I think, after all, the rogue came to a bad end. He sailed in the *Carmagnuola* from Leghorn, in June last. That vessel was burned at sea. Not one passenger escaped, and only three seamen and the captain. One of these survivors, writing to a New York paper, says: 'We pulled from the wreck about 6 P.M. The passengers had all taken refuge in the main-mast, the flames being then, as it was believed, put out. At half past six, however, there was a tremendous explosion. The fire had reached the magazine. There was a roar, a fan of fire, a burst of splinters and bodies, and then we saw the smouldering wreck, looking scarcely larger on the horizon than a red-hot coal, sink down swift into the yawning darkness.' So much for Dr. Tyecchi, the Jonah of that unhappy vessel, the *Carmagnuola*, of Livorno. The family, indeed, seems a doomed one; for Orazio Tyecchi, the youngest son, is now in prison for murdering his mistress, of whom he was jealous, and a friend who tried to interpose between them. The Carnival was dull this year. I want an English barouche of the best quality; never mind price," etc., etc.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE grand theme which now absorbs the minds of our citizens, the topic which invades our breakfast-table, mingles with our dinner, and circulates through the evening socialities—which husbands and wives gravely canvass at the midnight hour and at early dawn—which children babble about at their play and servants gossip over in the kitchen—the daily torture and the nightly torment of multitudes of families is, HOUSES!

The perplexing questions nowadays are not merely "What shall we eat, what shall we drink, and wherewithal shall we be clothed?" but the preliminary and primary question is, "*Where shall we live?*" And this important and momentous subject is agitated in many households, something like three months in every year!

Our people are versatile, and desire frequent change; but more often landlords are extortionate, and raise their rents unduly. Indeed, nothing decent, in the way of a house, can be obtained in New York except by paying an exorbitant rent, or by purchasing at an enormous price. Since the commencement of the war owners of "Houses to Let" have expended little or nothing to keep them in repair. It cost too much.

The natural result has followed. Houses are universally in "bad order." Yet landlords coolly add a few hundred dollars to the previous rent, expect their tenants to make all repairs, and to hold themselves in readiness to have a "notice to quit" served on them in about nine months, unless they will agree to pay a few hundred more for the privilege of remaining another year.

There is no doubt a larger supply of houses in the market than is generally supposed. It is for the interest of owners and brokers to give the impression that houses are scarce; and, of course, they will do so. But people in this city always have lived somewhere, and we presume they will continue to do as they have done.

It has been estimated that the number of Americans who will visit Europe this season will be not far from *eighty thousand.* A large proportion of these undoubtedly go from New York. Consequently there *must* be some vacant houses.

The purchase of St. John's Park by the Hudson River Railroad Company has at length been completed, and it will soon be covered with needful buildings and railroad tracks. Many will mourn over the desecration of this ancient landmark, while others will rejoice at what they regard as an indication of the increasing prosperity of the city, which they think demanded this sale. So long ago as 1671 this Park, with other adjacent land, was in possession of Governor Lovelace, and is supposed to have been transferred to the Duke of York. On the accession of Queen Anne it was called the "Queen's Farm," and as such was granted to Trinity Church, in 1705, by Lord Cornbury, then Governor. After the Revolution the Trustees of Trinity Church divided this land into single lots, and the square between Hudson and Varick and Beach and Laight streets was reserved as a park.

It is reported that the Rev. George T. Williams—whose recent trial in this city on the charge of picking a lady's pocket in a Broadway stage attracted so much attention—reached Annapolis, Maryland, a short time since in a condition of hopeless insanity. It is stated, also, that this result has for some time been apprehended by his friends.

At a lecture delivered a week or two since by Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, on the Medical Education of Women in Europe and America, some suggestive facts were stated. Some time ago the Emperor of Russia commissioned a physician, Dr. H. De Hawrowitz, to report what part women were taking in the study of medicine in this country. As many as 25 Russian ladies had applied for admission to the medical schools in St. Petersburg. The physicians were puzzled what to do, and referred the matter to the Emperor. The Emperor was equally puzzled, and sent over to America for a solution of his difficulty. Last year the Swedish Minister of State appointed a similar commission to visit England, and see what course was being pursued there in relation to educating women in medicine—a step necessitated by the same reasons, viz.: the application of a number of ladies for admission to the medical schools of Stockholm.

In England the leading medical woman is Miss Elizabeth Garrett, who has now a legal footing in the profession, as licentiate of Apothecaries' Hall, and who has been for some time established as a medical practitioner in London. This lady, with a little group of her students, did good service in the cholera epidemic of last summer. The French medical school of Algiers has also admitted a lady student to its classes, offering her the same education and the same diploma that it gives to its male students. The State Legislature has granted three distinct charters to associations in the city of New York for the medical education of women; other States have granted similar charters; yet it is the opinion of Dr. Blackwell that nowhere is there a college open to women where a really good education can be obtained.

Undoubtedly public opinion in every country is against women becoming physicians. But this is a progressive age, and the prospect now is, that before many years every woman who *chooses* to adopt the profession of medicine will be at liberty to do so.

A most incredible story is related in the Detroit papers. A little girl in Greenfield, Michigan, was bitten some time ago by a dog, but no symptoms of hydrophobia were at first shown. At length the poison, which, acting as a sub-cutaneous injection, permeated every tissue of the system, broke out in a severe form, causing the most intense suffering. A consultation was held by physicians, who decided that, as the sufferer could not possibly survive, every consideration of humanity demanded that her sufferings be ended by some means, in accordance with which, during a severe paroxysm, *the child was smothered to death.* It seems scarcely possible that this can be a correct statement of the case. Whatever may have been practiced or allowed in old and barbarous times, no such liberty is at present given by the law of our land, even in the case of the most incurable or violent disease. Any physician, or any other person, who should, under such or similar circumstances, become party to the death of another, would be liable to be tried for murder.

A fatal disease is prevailing among the cattle in some parts of New Hampshire. It usually terminates in death in three or four days from the first attack, and the town authorities are taking measures to check its spread by slaughtering the diseased animals.

If meat is high in New York, it is cheap enough in some places. Prairie chickens have been selling as low as five cents apiece at Springfield, Missouri. Our citizens would do well to emigrate.

Among the list of recent railroad accidents we notice one which indicates a novel mode of traveling in the Western States.

"A lady in Ohio, traveling in a railroad car, *with one of her feet out of the window*, had her leg torn off in crossing a bridge."

Whether this is the *stylish* method of traveling among ladies in Ohio may be questionable.

The latest style of bonnet consists simply of a postage stamp, with strings of green ribbon. The hair is carefully combed back, so as to ventilate the ears and neck and face. This style is highly recommended by physicians.

A new kind of glass, called rock-glass, is now being manufactured at Windsor, New York, from an extensive vein of ore, near the Hudson. The glass produced is of great elasticity and compactness of grain. It is said that with very little care an ordinary quart bottle can be used for driving nails! *Regular hammers* would be a trifle more convenient, and doubtless they will soon be introduced. If a few specimens were sent to the Paris Exposition they would be a novelty.

The new style of short dresses will be the innocent cause of bringing about quarrels and lawsuits, if gentlemen are not on their guard. A benevolent old gentleman, a little near-sighted, came near getting into trouble the other day for remarking familiarly, "Well, sis, are your ears cold this morning?" The party addressed turned on the old fellow fiercely, with "insolent puppy," "old villain," etc.; and he found that instead of accosting a school-miss he had addressed a lady in the full bloom of womanhood. Near-sighted gentlemen better purchase eye-glasses.

The following story affords a good commentary on common selection of books for children in many Sunday-school libraries: A gentleman was surprised, during the late frosty weather, to see his little daughter bring home from the Sunday-school library a grave treatise on "Backsliding." "My child," said he, "this is too old for you; you can't make any thing of it." "I know it, papa," was the artless reply, "but I thought I could when I took it. I thought it would teach me how to slide backward."

WINGLETS

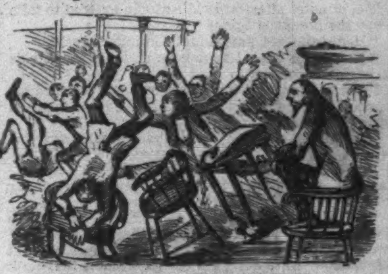
FROM OUR "CORRESPONDENT-ON-THE-WING."

Washington, D. C.

Dear Weekly:

I am here to witness the Spring Opening of the Fortieth Congress, and, like a Spring Bonnet opening, I saw a very small covering for the head of a large Nation. I found the new members' heads completely turned round (except Mr. Morrissey's, which was gibbous) at the newness of their situation.

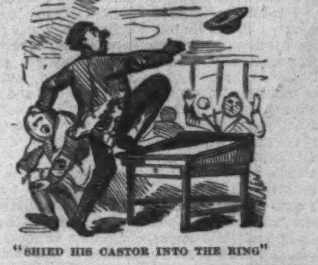
Below I give a view of the



NEW MEMBERS TAKING THEIR SEATS,

which, owing to the crowded state of the House, was attended with some confusion.

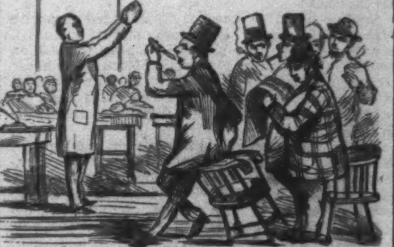
The Clerk of the House of the Thirty-Ninth Congress called the roll of the new Congress. When the name of the member from the Fifth District of your State was called, he



"SHIED HIS CASTOR INTO THE RING"

amidst great applause in the galleries, and cries of "three to one on Morrissey!" The Clerk called the galleries to order, when the roll call was continued.

After



PRAYER BY THE CHAPLAIN,

Mr. Wilson of Iowa moved that the House proceed to the election of a Speaker.

Mr. Morrissey rose in his seat and suggested also a game-keeper. [Cheers.]

Mr. Farnsworth said he would like to make a point—

Mr. Morrissey. The gentleman can't do it against the hand I hold; if the House is willing I will "go it alone' against the gentleman from Illinois.

The Clerk said—The Member from New York will not introduce his professional terms in debates in this House.

Mr. Morrissey. I will introduce who I please. I always took that privilege in any house I went to. [Cries of "Order!"]

Mr. Brooks hereupon rose and said: I hold in my hand a printed list of the Members, and see that there are seventeen States unrepresented.

Mr. Morrissey. Though the gentleman would infer that he had a full hand, I will see them seventeen and go ten better. [Cheers in the galleries.]

The Clerk said—The Member from the Fifth District must not call—

Mr. Morrissey. I'm not afraid to "call" any one I please. I called my friend Mr. Wood last week, and though I had a "flush" he knocked me for "a cool thousand." [Laughter.]

Mr. Kelley said it seemed impossible to—

Mr. Morrissey. No such thing. I have lost more money with good hands than when I was butting with "no pair and Jack ahead." Nothing was impossible. Not two nights ago I was knocked with "three tens" to the tune of ten thousand. [Cries of "Order, order!" and "Shame!"] Mr. Morrissey continued amidst much din: Mr. Speaker, am I to be crowded to the ropes in this manner? I would like to know who is referee here. This is as bad as in England. [Cheers.]

The Clerk said he would have to hand the Member from New York over into the cus—

Mr. Morrissey (*excitedly*). You can't hand me over to any cuss in this house. I'm not to be bluffed off that way.

Mr. Dawes wanted to know what the Member from New York wanted?

Mr. Morrissey. Another chance at Ben Wood! [Laughter, and cries of "Go in, John!"]

After order had been partially restored Mr. Fernando Wood went on with his protest—There are seventeen States absent, and the Representatives of the remainder are now about to proceed to the organization of this House in the midst of a crisis, and it seems to me we are blind—

Mr. Morrissey. I will "see" the gentleman's "blind" if nobody else will; I never "pass a blind;" I have made that a rule, and have in a majority of cases won by it.

Mr. Covode said the Member from the Fifth District must not break—

Mr. Morrissey. No, Sir, I'm not going to. It will take more than this crowd to break me.

Mr. Wilson rose and said that he would have to ask the Clerk to call the gentleman from New York—

Mr. Morrissey. Two pair; King's ahead! No gentleman in the House can beat that. I'll go three to five on that any day.

Mr. Boutwell wanted to know how the gentleman from New York rates our standing? Does he think this is a gambling saloon? Does he come here flushed—

Mr. Morrissey. No, Sir, nor you either. I'll bet three to one there ain't a "flush" in any gentleman's hand in the room.

The Clerk here reminded the gentleman from New York that this interruption was entirely out of order, that he would allow his colleague, Mr. Wood, to go on with a straight—

Mr. Morrissey. "Straights" don't count: he had never heard of a first-class place where straights counted. Sometimes by agreement they counted them, but they are too easily "put up," and he hoped, for the honor of the Democratic party, no gentleman of his acquaintance would count "straights." [Laughter.]

Mr. Wood, amidst much confusion, continued: Any bill passed by this Congress the people will not indorse—

Mr. Morrissey. Neither will I; I'll never indorse any bill. I was once stuck by Izzy Lazarus for two hundred and sixty dollars by indorsing, and I will never do it again. [Laughter.]

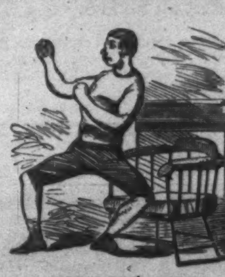
Mr. Ashley said it was useless to continue this session further. Let Mr. Wood get his protest printed and then we could all read it. It is certain the member from the Fifth District, New York, is not acquainted with the rules of the House, and they had better go into an election for Speaker.

Mr. Morrissey said he did not know to what rules the gentleman from Ohio referred, but he would now send up to the Speaker's desk the last number of *Bell's Life*, that contained all the rules of the P. R. as revised by the Prize Ring Association, which he hoped the clerk would read, as also the full score of the "mill" between the Staleybridge Infant and the Brumagem Chicken. [Laughter.]

Mr. Kelley moved that the member from New York be made Chairman of the Committee on Mills and Milling, and that the Sergeant-at-Arms conduct him to the Committee Rooms.

This motion being seconded and carried, the gentleman from the "Fifth" was conducted to the room amidst great cheering in the galleries. Mr. Wood finished his protest, when an election for Speaker was held, which resulted in the choice of Mr. Colfax.

Great interest is manifested here to learn what will be



MR. MORRISSEY'S POSITION

on the Impeachment Question; but the general impression seems to be that it will be something like the above—which does not, I am happy to say, strike

Your own C. O. W.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Logical Exercise for Ladies—Jumping to conclusions.

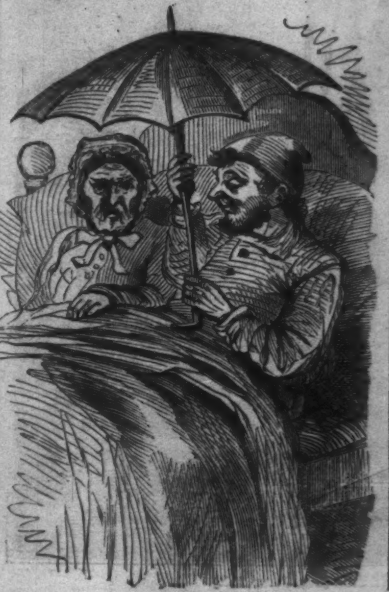
A man brought a lady a chair. "Oh, you are a jewel!" said she. "Oh no," he responded, "I am a jeweler; I have just set the jewel."

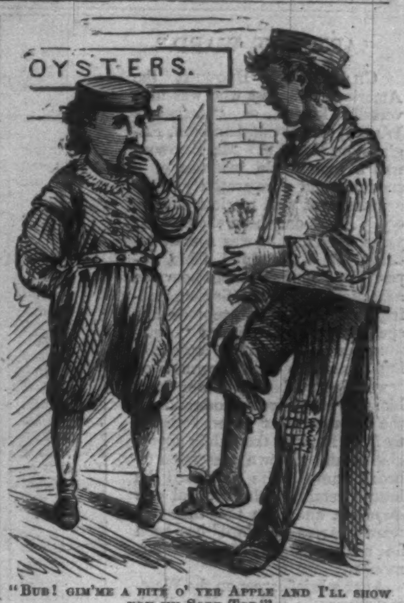
The following lines were sent with a couple of ducks to a patient by the late celebrated Dr. Jenner:

I've dispatched, my dear Madam, this scrap of a letter
To say that Miss Wilson is very much better;
A regular doctor no longer she lacks,
And therefore I've sent her a couple of *quacks.*

Mr. Weevil having been out to a late *tea*-party with a few friends, upon getting into bed at 1 A.M. hoists his umbrella. Mrs. W. pleasantly desires to know "why he is making such a ridiculous ass of himself?"

Mr. W. "Well, you see, my dear, I expected a *storm*, and I came prepared."





"Bub! gim'me a bite o' yer Apple and I'll show you my Sore Toe!"

The Wretch!—A correspondent suggests that "mum" is used as a title for ladies on account of their well-known love of silence.

HOW TO KEEP A HOTEL.

Call it a *House*, and name it after some great capitalist, a big Indian, or Saint—"Morton Peto House," or "Whoop-de-Doodle House," or "St. Bob-o-Link House," that sounds very well and will take the traveler's ear.

Be sure and establish an immense barber's shop on the ground-floor.

Procure a well-dressed clerk with curly black hair, if possible, to stand at the desk, and by all means insist on his wearing diamonds.

Instruct your clerk that it is not his business to know any thing about departing trains and steamboats.

It should be the duty of the head-waiter when a guest enters the dining-room, no matter how empty it may be, to take him in convoy and make him walk the entire length of it before assigning him a seat.

Also, if your House happens to be in a country town, to add $1 a day invariably to all New Yorker's bills.

It will scarcely be necessary to make any suggestions in regard to extra charges in the bill, as they will naturally occur to the feeblest of landlords.

You should always, however, charge for a fire in winter in every room that has conveniences for it, and if remonstrated with, reply that it is a "rule of the House," and the guest might have had it.

"Biddy, did you put an egg in the coffee to settle it?" "Yes, mum, I put in four; they were so bad *I* had to use the more of them." Biddy was cleared out.

"Look here, boy," said a nervous gentleman to an urchin who was munching sugar candy at a lecture, "you are annoying me very much." "No, I ain't neither," said the urchin, "I'm a-gnawing this 'ere candy."

Cause and Effect.—A delighted hearer observed of a very brilliant talker that the flash of his wit was followed close by the peal of applause.

WHIMSICAL EXTRACTS OF WILLS.

From the Will of General Blackett, Governor of Plymouth, proved 1782.

"I desire my body to be kept so long as it may not be offensive; and that one of my toes or fingers may be cut off to secure a certainty of my being dead. I further request my dear wife that, as she has been troubled with *one old fool*, she will not think of marrying a *second.*"

From the Will of the Rev. Dr. Appleby, of St. Bride's, proved 1783.

"I leave my body to be dressed in a flannel waistcoat, an old surtout coat, and breeches without lining and pockets; no shoes (*having done walking*), and a worsted wig, if one can be got, in order that I may rest comfortably."

From the Will of a Mariner of Bristol, proved 1795.

"My executors to pay, out of the first moneys collected, to my beloved wife, if living, *one shilling*, which I give as a token of my love, that she may buy *hazelnuts*, as I know she is better pleased with cracking them than she is *with mending the holes in her stockings.*"

How much does a fool weigh generally?—A simpleton.

When you give a piece of your mind, take care it's not the biggest piece.

A youngster perusing a chapter of Genesis turned to his mother and inquired if people in those days used to do sums on the ground. He had been reading the passage: "And the sons of men multiplied upon the face of the earth."

Could any thing be neater than the negro's reply to a young lady whom he offered to lift over a gutter, and who insisted that she was too heavy? "Lor, missus," said he, "I'm used to lifting barrels of sugar."

Men dying make their *wills*, why can not *wives*?—Because *wives have their wills* during their lives.

"I am certain, wife, that I am right, and that you are wrong; I'll bet my ears on it." "Indeed, husband, you shouldn't carry betting to such extreme lengths."

The evening before a battle an officer asked Marshal Toria for permission to go and see his father, who was at the point of death. "Go," said the Marshal, who saw through his pretext, "honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long in the land."

When a pickpocket pulls at your watch, tell him plainly that you have no time to spare.

A preacher once approached a mischievous boy, and laying a hand on his shoulder, commenced to remonstrate with him. "My son," said he, "I believe the Devil has got hold of you." "I think so too," said the urchin.

As extreme poverty often tempts suicide, it is but natural that a seedy fellow should become a *felo de se.*

If a Colt's pistol has six barrels, how many barrels ought a horse pistol to have?

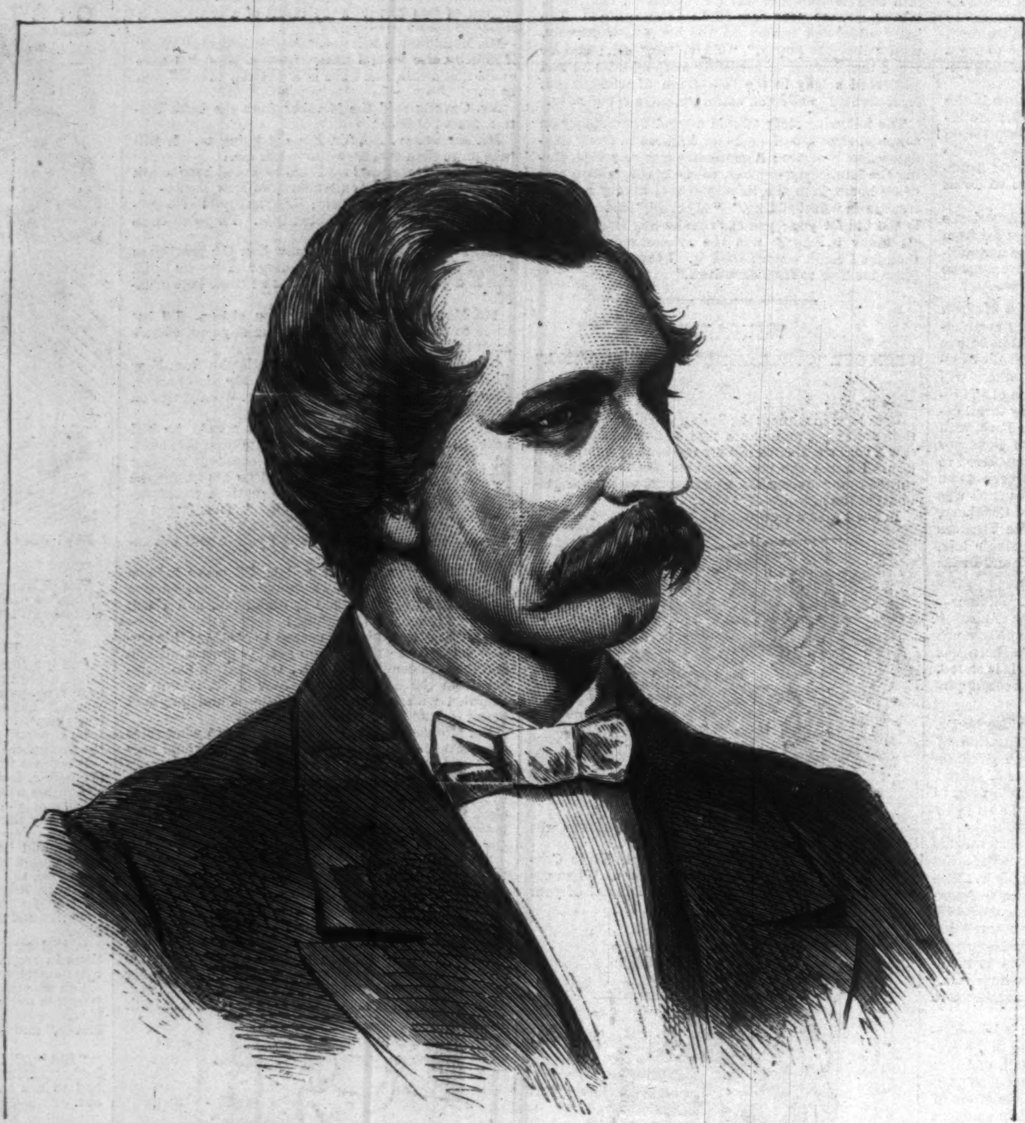
Reflection on an Insolvent Railway.—The rolling stock gathers no moss.

"ARTEMUS WARD."

CHARLES F. BROWNE, the American humorist who was universally known as "**ARTEMUS WARD**," died at Southampton, England, on March 6. Mr. **BROWNE** was a remarkable instance of a suddenly and comparatively easily acquired yet well merited notoriety. It has only been about seven years since that he was a mere localizer on a Cleveland, Ohio, paper. In a happy moment he wrote a facetious communication abounding in humor and ingenious bad spelling, which he signed "Artemus Ward," the writer representing himself to be a showman of "wax figgurs." The humor was a hit; the extensive reproduction of the letter in other papers revealed to Mr. **BROWNE** the public appreciation and his own possession of broad humor. He continued the letters, retaining the comical *nom de plume*, and from that time forward "Artemus Ward" has been an acknowledged American humorist.

After a brief career on the Western papers he came to New York city, and with several of his friends engaged in the publication of *Vanity Fair*, a weekly publication devoted to fun and satire. His letters in that journal were widely copied in the daily press. In a short time, however, the interest of the public in the enterprise flagged, and it shared the fate of all similar adventures in this country.

After the demise of *Vanity Fair* Mr. **BROWNE** entered upon the lecturer's field. Going to California to lecture, he returned across the plains, and made his acquaintance with Mormon manners and Mormon people, and put his impressions into the form of a quaint lecture, illustrated by views of localities and photographs of Mormon wives, which was immensely popular and profitable. He read this lecture, or rather said it, night after night in this city, and his droll manner, rather than his matter, amused and delighted thousands of people. He followed this success by a second lecture on the same subject, and then repeated both lectures in all the leading cities in the Union. What he said was good, but his manner of saying it was irresistible, and he was one of the very few humorous lecturers of whom the public did not tire. He might have continued his lectures in this country for an unlimited time, but there were inducements for him to go abroad, and he went to London, where his success was immediate and immense. *Punch* secured him as a contributor. His exhibitions at Egyptian Hall were among the latest London lions; and his bills, his lectures, and his sayings were every where quoted. For about three months Mr. **BROWNE** continued to delight the London populace, and was then compelled to seek retirement. He first went to the Island of Jersey, but finding no improvement in his health, returned to Southampton, whence he had hoped to be able to sail for home. But this desire was opposed by the physicians, who declared that it would be impossible for him even to leave the harbor alive on shipboard. He lingered a while longer, conscious that his life could not be long prolonged, and finally expired on the 6th instant.

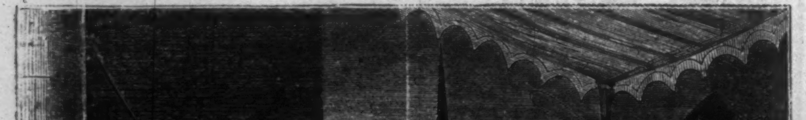

THE LATE CHARLES F. BROWNE ("ARTEMUS WARD").

Of Mr. **BROWNE**'s personal qualities it is impossible to speak otherwise than with gentleness. A more tender-hearted and affectionate nature could not be imagined; and the sweetness of his disposition was acknowledged by all. The country has lost in him one who has done very much to develop and characterize American humor.

INDIAN MASSACRE.

THE Indians on our Northwestern frontier have of late been engaged in frequent depredations, and one or two massacres have been committed by them which indicates thorough preparation on their part for war, and foreshadows indeed a serious and protracted contest with them. So apparently determined are they to force a war on the Government that General **SHERMAN** has been led to remark officially that the only way to keep at peace with them is to exterminate them. A grand coalition of twelve tribes has been formed, the object of which is to wage war on the Dacotah and Montana settlers; and it is said their force numbers eleven thousand warriors.

The most terrible massacre lately occurring was committed by the


"MARRYING FOR MONEY."—[SEE PAGE 190.]

"IN THE WIND."—[SEE PAGE 190.]

Mennecojous, Butes, Crows, and Blackfeet Indians, near Fort Philip Kearney, Dacotah Territory, on December 21, 1866. We give a sketch of this terrible scene, and a brief account of the circumstances under which it was enacted.

The victims of the massacre were about ninety men and officers of the Eighteenth Infantry and Second Cavalry. At about 10 o'clock A.M. on Friday the 21st of December last, the "Indian alarm" was given. It was signaled from the "picket hill" that the wood train of the post was attacked by Indians. All was in a bustle over the garrison, and in five minutes Company C, Second United States Cavalry and the mounted men of the Eighteenth United States Infantry, respectively under command of Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel **FETTERMAN**, Captain **BROWN**, and Lieutenant **GRUMMOND** were in their saddles ready for a fight. They immediately set out in support of the guard of the wood-train. The cavalry when about one mile from the post came in sight of it, held in check by the Indians. The train consisted of about 35 Government wagons, and had about 30 foot soldiers as guards, besides the teamsters, who were also armed. There were about 400 Indians who surrounded the train at this point. The mounted men and cavalry as soon as they got sight of their old foes (the Indians) gave their accustomed yell, and with a tremendous shout charged them most furiously. The Indians, not being able to withstand the charge, fled on all sides, and the train was saved.

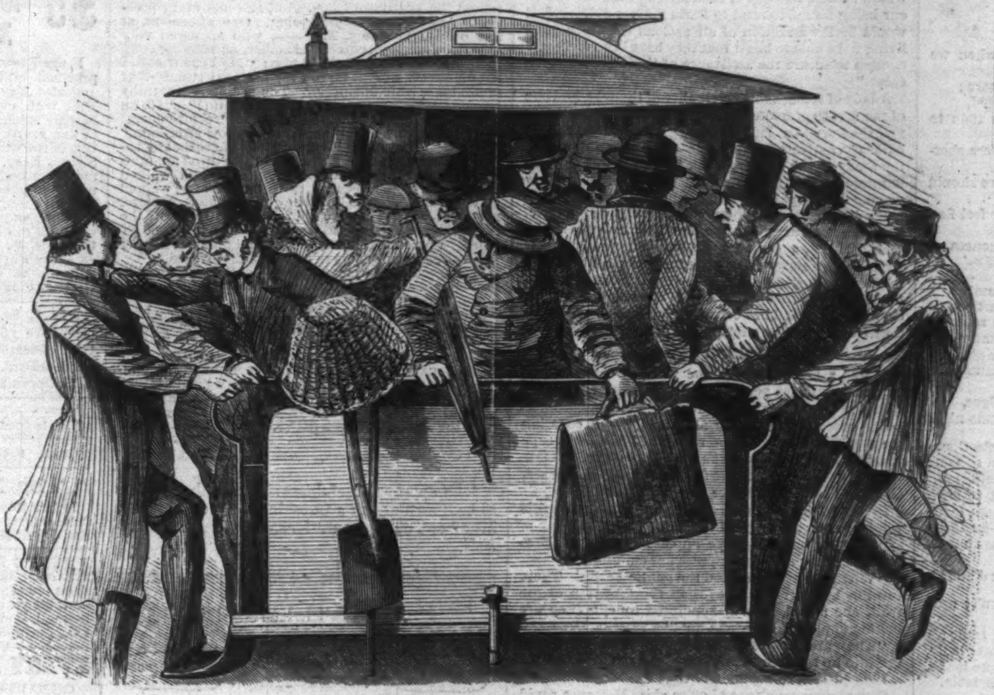
The cavalry returning and re-forming their line kept the Indians in check while the train was stringing out to return to the post. In the mean time a body of infantry sent out in support of the cavalry met the returning forces. The officers now deemed it a fair opportunity to punish the Indians, who were at a halt about 600 yards distant, especially as they now had more men with them than at any time previous.

They waited a sufficient time for the train to get within supporting distance of the fort, and then proceeded quietly toward the Indians, who commenced retreating slowly as our men advanced. At this gait they were moving, the one party advancing, the other retreating, for about one mile, when Captain **BROWN**, provoked at the temerity of the Indians, dashed forward at a brisk gallop, the cavalry following. They were soon gaining on the Indians, and had just reached a little knoll, when suddenly the Indians whom they were pursuing turned and charged them with the ferocity of tigers. But "Bald Eagle" (a name the Indians had given Captain **BROWN**) was at the head of his brave and tried men, and immediately ordered a counter charge, in which thirty Indians fell. On turning to renew the charge, however, Captain **BROWN** found himself cut off and almost surrounded by about 2000 Indians, who had lain in ambuscade for him in the adjacent ravines. The detachments on foot were now also engaged by a superior body of Indians some distance behind. The brave men, seeing all hope for their lives lost, gave one terrible war-cry, and, with death staring them in the face, charged through the host of Indians, and succeeded in reaching the infantry, leaving behind them two of their comrades, who were killed in the desperate charge. Five or six of the infantry had already been killed, and several more wounded. Captain **BROWN** ordered his men to dismount, and fought them as infantry. The Indians charged them furiously at this place, and again about forty of their number were dropped from their horses. Exasperated at their loss, and having their deadliest enemy, "Bald Eagle," before them, they renewed their charge, sending thousands of arrows and spears into the little phalanx; but each time they were repulsed with fearful loss.

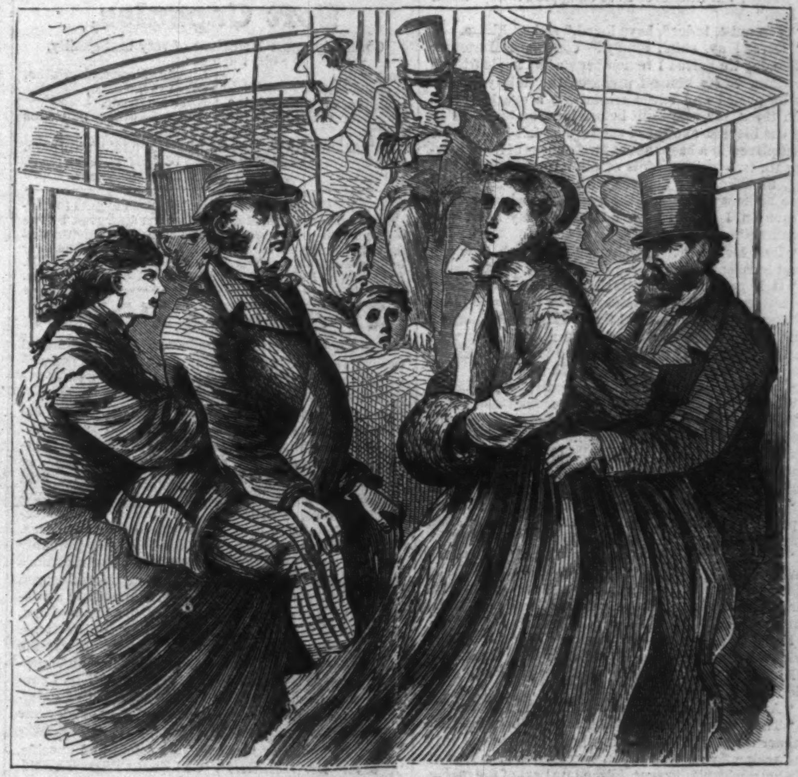
Captain **BROWN**, who had already been badly wounded by four or five arrows, still encouraged the brave but doomed men by word and action, but fell dead during the next charge which the Indians made. The enemy were again repulsed. This charge left only about fifteen of our men in condition to carry on the fight, the rest having been killed or wounded. The Indians again gathered together for a final charge, and this time succeeded in killing all but one man. This one, it appeared, the Indians wished to take alive, for they made signs of peace to him. But he kept firing at them with his revolvers, and when he had emptied all but one of his barrels, held the muzzle to his forehead and blew out his brains, preferring death to torture at their hands.

The Indians scalped and most dreadfully mangled the bodies of their victims. In their rage they pierced the dead bodies with arrows, cut off limbs, disemboweled many, etc. Some of the bodies had as many as 125 arrows in them when they were taken up.

The eye-witness who furnishes the details of this fearful affair was Dr. **HINES**, the surgeon of the post, who was within 250 yards of the fight, in the thick undergrowth. He had been out early in the morning on a botanical excursion, and was on his way to the fort, when his steps were arrested by the sudden appearance of the Indians, who had lain in a ravine fifty yards ahead of him. He was cut off from the fort and from all friends, and was thus obliged to be an unwilling spectator of the greatest massacre known on the plains. Had it not been for him we would not have known a word about the affair, as not a single participant in the fight was left to tell the tale.



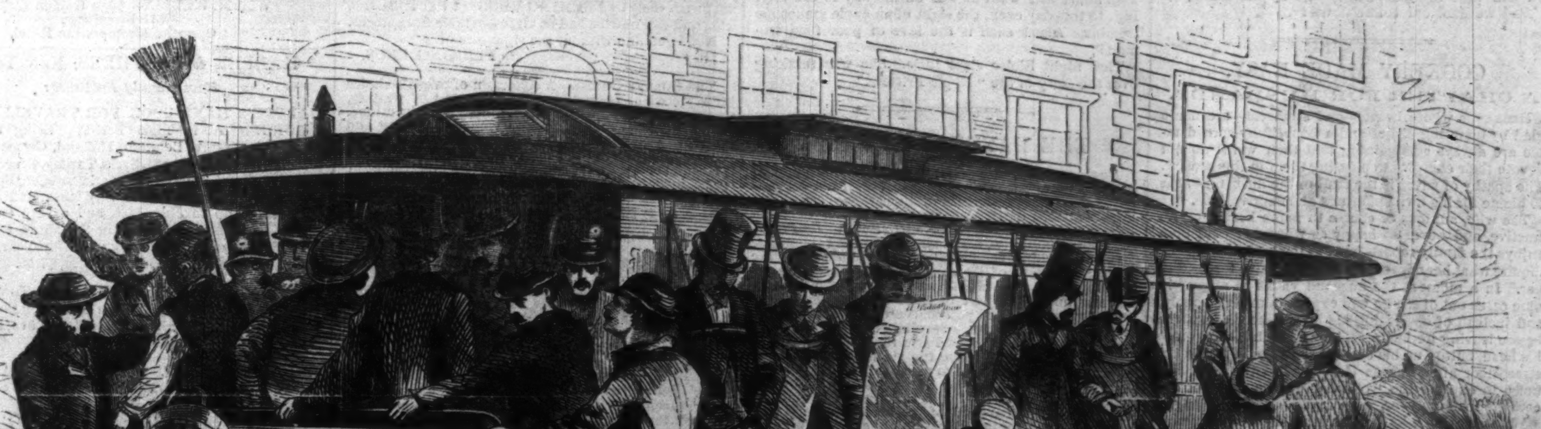
NEW YORK STREET RAILROAD CARS—A REAR VIEW



NEW YORK STREET RAILROAD CARS—AN INTERIOR.

STREET-CAR SALAD.

NEVER full! pack 'em in!
Move up, fat man, squeeze in, thin.
Trumks, Valises, Boxes, Bundles,
Fill up gaps as on she tumbles.
Market baskets without number,
Owners easy—nod in slumber.
Thirty seated, forty standing,
A dozen more on either landing.
Old man lifts the signal finger,
Car slacks up—but not a linger—
He's jerked aboard by sleeve or shoulder,
Shoved inside to sweat and moulder.
Toes are trod on, hats are smashed,
Dresses soiled—hoop-skirts crashed.
Thieves are busy, bent on plunder,
Still we rattle on like thunder.
Packed together, unwashed bodies,
Bathed in fumes of whisky toddies;
Tobacco, garlic, cheese, and beer
Perfume the heated atmosphere.
Old boots, pipes, leather and tan,
And if in luck, a "Soap-Fat man."
Aren't this jolly? What a blessing!
A Street-Car Salad, with such a dressing.



NEW YORK STREET RAILROAD CARS—WHAT WE ARE COMING TO.

MARRIED FOR MONEY.

[*See Illustration on page* 188.]

'TWAS all over between us, you thought, when we parted,
It was good-by to me and to trouble or care;
A sigh and a tear, a poor boy broken-hearted,
Mattered not, for what feelings had you then to spare?
It was nothing to you that my best hopes were shattered,
For you knew all the time that you meant we should part;
Did you think with fair words I should ever feel flattered,
From lips feigning truth with such falseness at heart?

Ah! lovely and lost one, I lurk in the gloaming,
And think of one midsummer twilight last year,
But one little year past, when we two were roaming
With hand locked in hand by the still solemn mere.
Have *you*, love, forgotten that night and those pledges,
Half whispered, half sobbed, 'neath that calm summer sky?
While still in my ear faintly shiver the sedges,
And still the low plash of the water sounds nigh.

They tell me you're happy; and yet, on reflection,
I find they talk more of your wealth than of you;
And if you have moments of thought or dejection,
It may be those moments are known but to few.
You've a boudoir in buhl, and an Erard *à queue*, love;
You breakfast off Sèvres of the real *bleu du Roi;*
While what could *I* give you, whose heart was so true, love,
Save that poor posy ring, with its "*Pensez à moi!*"

Now blame not your husband, nor think you're used badly,
For 'twas simply a matter of money and trade;
You named him your "figure," he paid it most gladly,
But your heart was no part of the bargain he made.
He wanted a wife who could well head his table,
Who would humor his whims and obey his behests,
One lovely and clever, one willing and able—
To prove his good taste and to talk to his guests.

There are times when 'midst riches and splendor you languish—
When to still your poor conscience you fruitlessly try—
While tears are fast falling in bitterest anguish,
You confess there is something that money can't buy.
Yes, love, there are mem'ries that will not be buried,
There's a ghost of the dead past that will not be laid;
And while in the Maelstrom of pleasure you're hurried,
Do *you* never meet the sad eyes of the shade?

IN THE WIND.

[*See Illustration on page* 188.]

BOREAS—rude, ruddy, jovial king!
Sad pranks plays he with her hair;
The old fellow has got an eye for effect,
And he knows when a picture is fair.

A gold lock strays from the prisoning hat;
And the hue of the midsummer rose
Is not one scruple more tenderly pink
Than the cheek upon which he blows.

And the bright eyes dance with a light in their blue,
As they're caught by the mischievous wind,
With the wholesome joy of a vigorous health
And the peace of an innocent mind.

There is "consciousness" 'neath that "fall" of lace—
For she knows she is fair as the day;
An arch glance is thrown upon *me*, upon *you*,
Upon *both*—upon—who can say?

The small booted feet trip over the road,
And the wayfarer's glance is caught,
Since the scarlet-corded—you know what I mean—
Is, it may be, a trifle short!

So the frigate daintily saileth on,
Right daintily picks her way,
With her trim taut sails all set in the breeze,
Her artillery all in array.

Broadsides into our hearts she pours,
And she cripples and kills with a frown,
Till our tottering mast-heads "go by the board,"
And we haul our colors down!

COOKERY MADE EASY.

A CHAPTER FOR HUSBANDS.

HUSBANDS whose hearts—and stomachs—are made glad by tempting dishes and a bountifully-spread table are always complaining that their wives do not devote their energies to pleasing them in this matter. The apathy of wives is the fault of the husband—*he* is to blame for his own sufferings and deprivations.

The wife, anxious of course to make her home attractive, and never so happy as when her dear man enjoys the family repast—may in the morning timidly inquire what her adored would like to have for his dinner. In a moment the husband yields to anger; in nine cases out of ten he will express himself coarsely, and instead of embracing his broken-hearted spouse before leaving for business, he will dash his hat on to his head, button up his coat savagely, and slam-to the street-door after him as if he wished the explosive noise to express the "blowing up" he had not the courage to administer.

When a wife asks her husband in a mild, sweet manner, instigated only by love, whether he has a preference for any favorite dish, instead of flying into a passion and exclaiming, as he is sure to do—"Confound the dinners, that is your business!" he should with gratitude press his attentive darling to his bosom and think of something that both of them would like. Such phrases as, "Confound it, Matilda, I have no sooner swallowed my breakfast than you attempt to force my dinner down my throat;" or such remarks as, "Now, my good Clara, what the dickens do you think I married you for? I am to be bored in this disgusting style?" ought to be made finable, and be exposed in the police reports. We have no doubt but when the vicious husband had in his morning's paper read a few cases such as—"Another disgusting dinner quarrel again;" or "Shameful behavior to a wife—the dinner grievance"—we should soon find the matrimonial disputes, and the boiled and roast battles, at an end.

Wives, if stimulated by the patient hearing and the proper advice of their lords and masters, would apply themselves diligently to the study of the cookery book, and in a very little time the humblest tenement would be able to boast of such repasts that, instead of our being forced to send to Paris for our *cuisiniers*, it would be the ambition of all nations that love good living to be able to boast that they have been fortunate enough to secure the assistance of "une cook Americaine."

A lady of remarkable originality of thought, and one of the first to promote the establishing of the "Schools for Cookery"—a lady whose "omelette aux fines herbes" captivated thousands—was of opinion that the study of the cookery book in its present dry and uninteresting form was a fatiguing labor which few women were capable of undergoing. Her idea was to make each recipe the subject of some exciting romance. The idea is an excellent one, and husbands should be grateful for it, and pledge themselves to present their wives with a copy of this projected cook-book, bound in "blue and gold." The following is a sample chapter, which the fair authoress, with the amiability which ever distinguished her behavior, has submitted to our criticism as the first effort of her pen—it is called

APPLE FRITTERS.

It was a lovely night. The warm breezes floated by, laden with the perfume of flowers—sweet incense, rising up from Nature's kitchen.

The moon shone bright as a bride's eye, covering the earth with its chaste rays, until the landscape seemed silvered and pure as a wedding-cake.

"Let us walk in the garden," said *chère* Hortense, clasping dear Eloise to her heaving bosom.

In a few seconds the two noble and enthusiastic girls were beneath the orchard trees.

"Do you perceive those apples?" remarked Hortense, scarcely able to suppress her emotion.

"Why this grief?" sighed the gentle Eloise. Then, turning her large gray eyes in the direction of the fruit, she added, in a disappointed tone, "They are baking apples, if I mistake not!"

"They are, they are!" cried *chère* Hortense, bursting into an agony of tears.

Poor girl! they reminded her of her home.

Some moments elapsed before *chère* Hortense could resume her wonted calmness. At length, with an effort, she said, "Forgive me, dear Eloise. I was silly, very silly! but whenever I see an apple I always think of *him*."

"You must, indeed, have loved," sighed Eloise.

"Loved! ay, child, madly!" continued Hortense. "The day we parted I remember we had apple fritters for dinner. He himself prepared the dainty for me. As he peeled and sliced crossways, a quarter of an inch thick, the rosy fruit before him, he breathed in my ear his first avowal of the love he felt for me. He then placed in a basin about two ounces of flour, a little salt, two tea-spoonfuls of oil, and the yolk of an egg, moistened by degrees with water, and all the time he kept stirring up the compound with a spoon. I thought I should have fainted, for my heart was breaking."

"Dear Hortense!" exclaimed Eloise, "ah, how you must have suffered!"

"It is past now," muttered the brave girl. Then resuming her story, she said, "When the whole formed a smooth consistency of the thickness of cream, he beat up the white of an egg till firm, mixing it with batter. I could endure my agony no longer. 'Alexis,' I cried, 'beware how you trifle with me!'"

"Proceed: you interest me greatly," said Eloise. "What was his answer?"

Hortense, with an effort, continued: "When the mixture was hot he put the apple slices in, one at a time, turning them over carefully as they were doing. Suddenly he advanced toward me, his face glowing with passion—"

"Nay, say not so," interrupted the kind Eloise; "perhaps the heat of the fire, and not passion, had tinged his cheeks."

"Heaven grant your words prove true!" sobbed the loving girl. "I shall never forget the expression of his eyes. 'Hortense,' he whispered, 'the apple fritters are now cooked; let us, perhaps for the last time, eat together.'"

For a few seconds Hortense was speechless from grief. Rising from the mossy bank she gasped out, "Eloise, as you love me, let us hurry home! I shall die if I remain here."

"And the fritters?" inquired the gentle Eloise.

"They were excellent," continued Hortense, in a calmer tone. "That evening he presented me with the recipe for making them, together with a lock of his hair, which, however, formed no part of the recipe. Two hours afterward he was on his way to the city. But, to this day even, the sight of an apple makes me tremble. Alas! such is the love of poor fond woman!"

That night Eloise slept little. She was thinking over the story of the "Apple Fritters."

THE DANGERS OF PARIS.

AMERICANS who are going to the French Exposition at Paris will be interested in learning, if not delighted to hear, that mysterious disappearances are of frequent, almost daily occurrence. A writer of much talent, and one of the best contributors to *La Presse*, M. Pierre Baragnon, urges on Government the necessity of watching somewhat more carefully over the lives and safety of its subjects, and requesting especially the Prefect of Police to bestow upon the honest and honorable part of the Paris population the same surveillance and paternal care he does upon malefactors. M. Baragnon's revelations as to what has been latterly going on in Paris read like a novel of the Middle Ages. Among the staring facts brought forward by M. Baragnon to prove that he is in no way exaggerating the state of things are the following, which occurred during the last few months: Madame X——, twenty-three years of age, arrived in Paris with an elder sister, for the education of her three children. Her husband, a wealthy New York merchant, sanctioned and approved of this. Madame X—— took an apartment in the Champs Elysées, devoted herself to the care of her little boys, attended church regularly, occasionally in company with her sister, at a convent at Auteuil, and, in fact, led a most exemplary life. One morning, at eight o'clock, she summoned her maid, dressed hurriedly, appeared unusually agitated, and explained to her servants that she had an early visit to pay. Madame X—— did not communicate with her sister before quitting the house, which she left, alas! never to return. On the sad tidings reaching her husband he instantly left New York, and has been in Paris for some weeks, during which time he has spared neither money nor efforts to discover some trace of his beloved and beautiful wife. But one thing is certain, that not the slightest blemish can be attached to her disappearance. Her life was blameless, and her attachment to her husband and children undoubted.

The director-general of the telegraphic lines lost his *chef de cabinet* three months ago in a similar mysterious manner, and although that period has elapsed, neither friends nor telegraphic wires have elucidated the mystery. M. S—— was a man of between thirty-eight and forty, belonging to an excellent family, to which he was much attached, extremely fond of the study of botany, and of all home occupations. He attained the position of inspector, and had every prospect of rising in his profession. One afternoon, at five o'clock precisely, M. S——, who appeared very much preoccupied, entered his office, and having summoned his secretary, said to him: "My dear friend, I am obliged to absent myself for the next twenty-four hours on private business." The secretary naturally replied: "Very well, Sir; what am I to do?" "Go on with the work as usual, and should the director-general send for me, say I shall return to-morrow afternoon." M. S—— had received his monthly pay of £25 that morning, and had immediately paid a bill he owed amounting to £10. On quitting his office he had walked home, desired his *concierge* to call a carriage, walked up to his room, left some money on the chimney-piece, made some slight change in his dress, and got into the cab, giving directions to the driver in a low tone of voice. From that hour to the present moment neither M. S——, cab, nor cabman has been discovered.

M. Baragnon expresses anxiety lest the great Exhibition should attract to Paris a fresh influx of pickpockets and cut-throats from all quarters of the globe. He advises every visitor to the Exhibition to conform himself to the following rules of conduct: To beware of anonymous letters, and send them at once to the *commissaire* of the quartier they inhabit; to beware of mysterious rendezvous; to walk at night in the middle of any narrow street or passage their business may lead them by; and, finally, never to go out at night without a whistle, which, of course, will at once attract the attention of the police.

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☞ Do not fail to procure this celebrated specific. Ask for Dr. McLANE'S CELEBRATED VERMIFUGE, and take no other. This Vermifuge is manufactured solely by FLEMING BROS. of PITTSBURG, Pa., and can now be had at all respectable drug stores. None genuine without the signature of
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The funds to pay for the goods ordered can be sent by drafts on New York, by Post-Office Money Orders, or by express, as may suit the convenience of the club. Or, if the amount ordered exceeds thirty dollars, we will, if desired, send the goods by express, to "collect on delivery."

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These Teas are chosen for their intrinsic worth, keeping in mind health, economy, and a high degree of pleasure in drinking them.

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Consumers can save from 50 cents to $1 00 per pound by purchasing their Teas of

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Ground Coffee, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c, best 40c. per pound. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-House Keepers and Families, who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our French Breakfast and Dinner Coffee, which we sell at the low price of 30c. per pound, and warranted to give perfect satisfaction.

Our Coffee Department is very extensive—the largest perhaps in the country. We run three engines constantly, and sometimes four or five, in roasting and grinding our Coffee. Our Coffee buyers are experts, who examine most of the Coffees imported, and select the best and finest flavors for our trade. We employ the most experienced and skillful roasters, who exercise the greatest care that it shall be cooked in a perfect manner. It is always fresh, for our orders crowd our facilities to their utmost capacity.

A considerable portion of the Coffee put upon the market of late years is picked while the pods are green, and subjected to artificial heat to open the pods. This is not so good as that which ripens in the natural way upon the plant. Our Coffee buyer thoroughly understands this business, and can readily distinguish the naturally ripened from the artificially cured; and he only buys the Coffee which is naturally ripened. We examine the cargoes as they arrive, and our trade is so large that it takes all the best lots. This is what gives our Coffee a superior flavor to many others, and the same flavor it used to have in days long gone by. It is a common saying that most Coffee does not taste as well as it formerly did. The reason for it is that a considerable proportion of it is picked before it is fully ripe. We sell none but the fully ripe, rich-flavored Coffee.

Country Clubs, Hand and Wagon Peddlers, and small stores (of which class we are supplying many thousands, all of which are doing well), can have their orders promptly and faithfully filled; and in case of Clubs can have each party's name marked on their package and directed by sending their orders to Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street.

Parties sending Club or other orders for less than thirty dollars had better send Post-Office drafts, or money with their orders, to save the expense of collecting by express; but larger orders we will forward by express, to collect on delivery.

Club Order.

SANDY CREEK, OSWEGO CO., N. Y., *January* 7, 1867.

GENTS,—The Tea you sent me gives good satisfaction. Enclosed find club order from another neighborhood, the which send as per order, and collect on delivery. There is much prejudice, I find, existing in some localities in regard to your Teas, created by the merchants, who say it is a great humbug, &c., &c. But I think, after an examination and trial, the people will decide for themselves, and buy their Teas where they can buy cheapest.

Yours, J. CLARK.

RICHLAND GROVE, ILLINOIS, *Jan.* 4, 1867.

To the Great American Tea Company, Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, New York:

I received by express a few days since a case of your Teas, and inclosed you will find an order for more. I have disposed of them, and they gave good satisfaction. I live 18 miles from Rock Island, but that is our nearest point for railroad communication, but not our nearest P. O. address, although it is the most reliable one. I do not wait for club names. I remain, very respectfully, &c.,

H. C. CLEAVELAND.

10 lbs. Young Hyson	$1 25	$12 50
10 lbs. Gunpowder	1 25	12 50
Carried up		$25 00
Brought up		$25 00
5 lbs. Imperial	1 25	6 25
5 lbs. Japan	1 10	5 50
Total		$36 75

N.B.—All villages and towns where a large number reside, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to the

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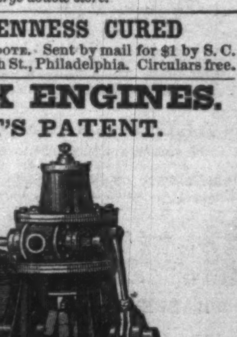

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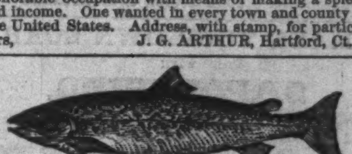

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READ!

WEST WINFIELD, Herkimer Co., N. Y., *July* 2, 1866.—DEAR SIR: The Instrument which I purchased from you a short time since is giving entire satisfaction, and I believe it will effect a radical cure, as I am nearly cured now. When I sent for your Pile Instrument I was confined to my bed with the Piles. (This was the 21st of last April.) After I had used it for two days I was able to work in my shop, and have not lost a day since. I have been afflicted with the Piles more than 12 years, and I feel as though I can recommend your Instrument as the only reliable remedy for the speedy cure of Piles. Yours truly, NATHANIEL TOMPKINS.

171 WATER STREET, GREENPOINT, N. Y., *Aug.* 29, 1865.

This is to certify that I have used Dr. Gilbert's Pile Instrument and Lubricating Balm for external and itching Piles of long standing, and am perfectly cured. I also recommended the Instrument to a friend at Islip, L. I., and he said he never had any thing do him as much good in his life, and he has suffered for years. If any body wants to know more about it, refer them to me at my office on Newtown Creek, near the Bridge, Greenpoint.

ABRAHAM MYERS.

34 SOUTH NINTH STREET, WILLIAMSBURG, *December* 11, 1866.

J. B. ROMAINE: DEAR SIR,—For fifteen years I have been more or less troubled with the Piles, and for past five years I have been unfit for any business. At three different times the Piles protruded so much that I had to call in a doctor and force them back. It was during one of these attacks I was handed an advertisement of Dr. Gilbert's Patent Pile Instrument. I procured one, and used it every morning for three weeks; it helped me so much I felt I was cured. I still use it, and I go to my business every day, which I have not done in several years. Yours, &c.,

J. W. CORWIN.

It has entirely cured my folks after they had given up all hope. They had been troubled over eight years, and are now entirely well. All thanks to your valuable remedy. If the above is of any use to you it can be used at your discretion. Believe me, &c., WM. E. CHAPIN, Chapin, Bromell & Co., 8 Spruce St., N. Y.

CINCINNATI, *November* 1, 1866.—MR. J. B. ROMAINE: DEAR SIR,—The relief which I have already experienced from the use of your Instrument is a great blessing to one who has suffered about forty years with this dreadful disease. Respectfully,

GRIFFIN TAYLOR, M.D.

THIRTY-FOURTH STREET FERRY, NEW YORK, *April* 20, 1866.

DR. GILBERT,—After suffering with the Itching Piles for more than fifteen years, I have been entirely cured by using your Instrument and Balm less than two weeks. Truly yours, BENJAMIN DEMILT, Ferry Master.

DE CAMP HOSPITAL, N.Y.H., DAVID'S ISLAND, *Sept.* 18, 1865.—I can cheerfully recommend its use from the results of the cases tested that came under my observation. Yours, LEWIS GRAVES, A. A. Surgeon, U.S.A.

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